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NOTES OF THE WEEK

FIFTEEN years after the dramatic announcement by the King-Emperor of the transfer of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi the Council House in the new city has been formally opened with appropriate and impressive pomp. Despite some initial, but subsequently corrected, errors and a few surviving incongruities, the new capital is a noble achievement, and the Council House is the most imaginative piece of architecture ever produced to official demand in India. But we are not disposed to grow rhetorical over its opening. Rather would we ask whether Indian legislators are likely to live up to the environment now provided for them. In some respects the prospects are brighter than they have been for a considerable time. But the profound antagonism between Hindus and Moslems does not decrease, and indeed in some parts of the country is more intense than ever, and while mere Parliamentary ability is abundantly displayed, there are few signs of sober statesmanship.

There is only one thing worse than hunting for honours, and that is being morbidly averse from them. It seems to us entirely wholesome that certain prominent Canadians should now be agitating for removal of the self-denying ordinance whereby great public services in the Dominion go unrewarded. Other parts of the Empire are glad to see their distinguished citizens honoured by the King, and we can only suppose that Canadian prejudices against the acceptance of such intangible rewards have their origin across the frontier, in the democratic affectations of an equality nowhere more to seek than in the United States. One effect, as a speaker at Toronto has lately pointed out, is that leading Canadians are placed, seemingly, on a lower level than men with similar records of public labour from other Dominions.

If the phrase "masterly inactivity" did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it to describe the present policy of the Poincaré Government. The franc remains steady, and therefore nothing must be said about stabilization or the ratification of debts lest it should collapse again. The

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Cabinet is profoundly divided over the attitude France should adopt towards Germany, and therefore the question should not be mentioned in a debate in the Chamber. This sort of thing cannot last, although for the moment an agreement has been reached with M. Briand on the amount of information on international affairs he should give to the country, and, since this amount is small, it is possible, with some degree of truth, to declare that all ministers are agreed upon it. In reality, of course, no European progress can be made until France has given its verdict on the policy of *rapprochement* which M. Briand and Herr Stresemann, during their lunch at Thoiry, decided they would recommend to their respective Governments.

The fact that the attacks on M. Briand have spread even to the *Quotidien*, still nominally the principal newspaper of the Left, is strengthening the position of the Nationalists in Germany, who talk wildly of an alliance with Russia instead of a *rapprochement* with France. Hitherto it has been possible to treat the dangerous ideas of the German Nationalists with tolerance since they had no influence on German policy, but now, owing to President Hindenburg's fear lest the Republic's army should become Republican in sentiment, there is considerable probability that we shall have to deal with a Government in which monarchists and militarists have virtual control. We in this country could afford to view such a ministry without alarm, since even Nationalists of the stamp of Count Westarp would find, once they accepted the responsibilities of office, that they could not afford radically to change Germany's foreign policy. Unfortunately, it is not to be hoped that France would accept this development with the same equanimity.

By its frank abandonment of neutrality Washington has succeeded in quelling the Nicaraguan revolt. Señor Diaz will remain President of Nicaragua, at any rate until general elections take place to confirm or revoke his appointment, and Dr. Sacasa, his rival and Mexico's friend, will bow to the superior force of the United States marines. So far President Calles of Mexico has accepted President Coolidge's intervention with calm, and, indeed, he has his time fully occupied with the religious war which has broken out, to the joy of United States "dollar diplomats," in his own country. This revolt may lead to a serious civil war and, possibly, to the overthrow of the President. Some nominee of the United States might then modify the Mexican land laws to please the American petroleum magnates and thus give the victory to "dollar diplomacy." But this victory can only be obtained at the expense of Washington's good name throughout Latin America.

Dr. Shadwell, in the series of articles he is contributing to *The Times*, touches the awkward subject of trade union reform with exemplary caution. So cautious is he, in fact, that nothing has so far emerged beyond a wordy epitome of what everyone knew already, considerably

watered down by saving clauses. We can hardly blame him for failing to work miracles, even if the rest of the series contributes nothing more substantial. There is no urgent problem which calls for so much statesmanship. The precise solution adopted is a matter of less importance than skill and tact in the handling. After all, the trouble at the root is the temper of the unions, and not their precise legal status. Whatever the law, only a better spirit will save them from further friction with the State, and a better spirit is not likely to be created by clumsy amputations of existing rights.

The crux is obvious enough. Trade unions as they stand form the natural weapon of the revolutionary, and whether the rank and file or even the leaders hold revolutionary sympathies makes very little difference when it comes to the point. No body is so easily stampeded. The question is whether any mere amendment of the law can strengthen the Right Wing, and the much greater mass of working men with a healthy instinct to lean back and guffaw at the heralds of a "gradualistic objective for the proletariat." To protect the more responsible leaders and the moderate majority, not only from the extremists but from themselves, is much less simple than a die-hard scheme for "protecting the community" and driving the men over to Moscow. Dr. Shadwell attaches much significance to the "breakaway unions" recently formed on non-political lines. But this revolt has no great importance yet. That will depend entirely on the extent to which it is encouraged or beaten down by the reaction to the Government policy, when such a thing has been found. It is a type of problem which shows the modern democratic Cabinet at a disadvantage, for it demands good government as distinct from good administration. We have so little of the one, and so much of the other.

Colonel Moore-Brabazon is to have no successor and the post of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport is to be abolished. That raises at once the question whether the Ministry itself is worth preserving. As with the Ministry of Mines and the Ministry of Labour, there is nothing that the Ministry of Transport has done or is likely to do that could not be done equally well and at far less cost by a subordinate section of the Board of Trade. These three separate and self-important departments have cost the taxpayer more than he feels he can afford even for the pleasure of providing indispensable mediocrities or converted agitators with soft billets. They are the outcome partly of the bureaucratic megalomania that came in with the war and partly of that fussy paternalism which it is the business of Conservatives to withstand, and it is enough to say that they have proved worthy of their origin on both sides.

If we habitually astonish other people we sometimes bewilder ourselves. The average citizen would have heard without surprise that commercially 1926 was a year of all-round disaster. It saw a prolonged and deadly stoppage in the most vital of our industries; it saw almost every factor that could make for business paralysis come into

play against us. Yet in that year of gloom we carried on a foreign trade that amounted to all but two thousand million sterling; and now the *Economist* has proved by its annual tables that over 1,500 representative concerns made profits in 1926 that were more than six per cent. greater than in 1925. Such resiliency and persistence in the face of such odds is magnificent.

We are still the biggest shipbuilders in the world. But the pre-war days, when anything from sixty per cent. upwards of the total output of vessels was constructed in British yards, have for the moment gone. Our percentage last year was only a little over thirty-eight per cent., more than three times as much as any other country could show, but still lamentably below the quite attainable level of the two closing decades of the nineteenth century and the first decade and a half of the present one. With the coal dispute settled, peace in the shipyards assured so far as paper agreements can assure it, and business in general on the upgrade, building for British ownership has been resumed in some volume. That means that the very necessary process of replacement which used to keep the British merchant marine the youngest on the seas is again in action. But foreign orders are needed to keep the yards working full time. They used to represent nearly a fifth of our entire production; last year they were less than one-seventh.

There are moments when passports should be refused to ministers who wish to travel abroad. One cannot but regret that Mr. Churchill has chosen this particular moment to indulge a very natural desire to visit Rome, and to obtain a permit to sketch its ancient monuments from Signor Mussolini himself. We are convinced of the truth of the official denial of the reports that Sir Austen Chamberlain encouraged the Italian Government to draw up the Italo-Albanian Treaty. But many people abroad do not yet believe that the Foreign Secretary first learned of the Tirana Treaty from the newspapers. They attach undue political significance to Sir Austen's conversation with Signor Mussolini at Leghorn, and it is only natural that Italy should do all she can to foster the belief that Great Britain is her devoted slave and ally. Why, when there are such serious misunderstandings of British foreign policy, Mr. Churchill should go to Rome to have a long and secret talk with the *Duce* we cannot pretend to understand.

Mr. Churchill's attitude towards the critics of the Betting Tax seems to be as sweetly reasonable as the heart of man could desire. He cares nothing for the incidence of his tax, he repeatedly declares. So that he gets his money, objectors may alter the Act as they like, provided always that they can convince him that when the changes have been made the money will still be there. In the meantime it is to be noted that the falling-off in public attendance at race meetings, which the bookmakers are now making their trump card, was largely a result of their own boycott. In these circumstances it is natural that Mr. Churchill should study with special care proposals emanating

from such a quarter. We believe that, in the matter of the Betting Tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has the great mass of public opinion behind him. There may be better, and possibly fairer, ways of collecting it than those which have as yet been tried; but the general principle of the tax is a sound one. We hope Mr. Churchill will stick to his guns.

The broadcasting of the Rugby International between England and Wales seems to have been generally voted a success. The comments of the crowd were extraordinarily clear, and the official announcer, when the match began, wisely confined himself to a series of interjections, rather breathlessly describing the progress of the play, which certainly had the advantage of conveying "atmosphere." But, after all, it was 'Hamlet' without the Prince of Denmark. The only thing we could not hear was the game. And, anyhow, to hear a game of football is no better than seeing a tune on the piano.

The late Lord Bearsted was one of the Jews who justify a hundred times over the treatment his race receives in Britain. We have the best Jews in the world because we have the least anti-Semitism. Lord Bearsted did more for his country than open up new channels of trade in the Orient and make it the headquarters of one of the biggest of the big oil companies. He was also a man of unaffected public spirit, an adroit and popular Lord Mayor, and a philanthropist whose gifts showed discrimination but not exclusiveness. As one of the forces that made possible the oil-driven Navy of to-day, and that kept us going in fuel and petrol during the stress of the war, we should rank him second only to Lord Fisher. His sagacity and prescience were much beyond those of the merely talented man of affairs; he had the root of commercial statesmanship in him; and, as with so many of his people, there went with it a kindly heart and a sensitive if not quite a cultivated instinct for the beautiful in art and nature.

Everything has its championship nowadays, and champions are consequently becoming a little cheap. But the announcement that the mouth organ championship of Great Britain is definitely to be decided, at some convenient music-hall, on February 25 next, is one that should send a thrill through every British breast. The amount of melody that we, as a nation, have coaxed out of this intractable instrument almost passes belief. The art is at its highest in the Midlands and most of the two hundred entrants come from there. In London the campaign against street noises has cramped the mouth-organist's style—and we should be the last to wish it otherwise. But the art must not be allowed to die out everywhere. Regarded merely as an aid to marching in time of war, it has a high national value which many of us can still remember. From the point of view of skill, it is so abominably difficult that anyone who can play the mouth organ at all almost deserves the name of champion. If the present championship competitions should lead to a revival of the art (in the Midlands) they will have our blessing.

THE FUTURE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is now official leader of the Liberal Party, and for the first time in its history the Party is controlled by one of whom it may truthfully be said that politically he might do anything. In effect, what Mr. Lloyd George has done is to buy the goodwill of the Liberal Party name. Admittedly he is the only Liberal leader with a real following in the country, and admittedly, too, he is the only Liberal leader in command of "big money." Had it been possible to put up an effective resistance to this combination, Lord Oxford would have done it, and there is no hope that where he failed others are likely to have better success.

It must be remembered that the discredit of Mr. Lloyd George among Conservatives is an actual commendation to rank and file Liberals. They supported Lord Oxford while Mr. Lloyd George was head of the Coalition not in the least because they believed in his politics, but because they bitterly resented Mr. Lloyd George's alliance with Conservatives. Now that that is over and done with they feel themselves free to choose the most combative leader, who is, of course, Mr. Lloyd George; and it was the discovery of this change in the views of rank and file Liberals that led to Lord Oxford's resignation of the leadership. But the ascendancy of Mr. Lloyd George in Liberal councils will mean a complete change in the character of the Party. Liberalism in the past has stood for two things. First, it has been an attitude of mind, a psychological state, a way of approach to questions of the day which is called Liberal but is in fact almost as frequently found in members of other parties as in Liberals. Rather more than half the Labour men are distinctively Liberal in this sense, and Mr. Baldwin and other good Conservatives are temperamentally liberal-minded. Mr. Lloyd George, oddly enough in one who was for so long the idol of the Liberal left wing, is not. He is Radical by temperament and a sound democrat, but has nothing of the tolerance and sympathy typical of the traditional Liberal. Secondly, Liberalism has stood for a certain number of dogmas, such as Free Trade, disarmament, and the like. Mr. Lloyd George's faith in any of these dogmas is of the weakest, and in particular he is, on any but tactical grounds, a very shaky Free Trader indeed. Thus we are likely to have as despot of Liberal destinies a man who is advanced in his ideas certainly, but Liberal neither by temperament nor by intellectual convictions. The logic of the situation is much the same as would have presented itself forty years ago had Chamberlain and Labouchere ousted Gladstone and installed themselves and their friends in his place.

It will be said that this discussion of the Liberal Party mind is of no practical interest inasmuch as the Liberals have disappeared as an electoral force, but to say that is going much too far. It is probable that at the next election no Liberals will be returned except from constituencies in the West Riding, in East Anglia, Wales, and Devon and

Cornwall, but when we remember how eagerly the votes of a few thousand Irish electors were angled for in the 'eighties and 'nineties, it is unreasonable to suppose that a few million Liberal voters, because they cannot return a member of their own in a constituency, are therefore going to be entirely without influence on its representation. Indeed, it is arguable that they would be much wiser not to run hopeless candidatures of their own, and instead to use their voting power to secure the return of the candidate of the two other parties which they prefer.

Mr. Lloyd George fancies himself in political tactics, but in fact is a very bad tactician; he is effective only in his plunges when they happen to be inspired, and when he damns the consequences, not at all when he is nicely calculating chances. He and his friends have made it quite clear what they are after. They want to hold the balance of power like the old Irish Nationalists, and at present their preference is evidently leaning strongly towards Labour. The idea of Mr. Lloyd George's land policy is to graft an agrarian party on urban Liberalism, so that in any negotiations with the Labour Party he might be able to say: "Yes, you may have a claim to represent Labour in the towns, but I represent it in the country. Could we not make a deal?"

What makes the situation so very interesting is the divisions of opinion within the Labour Party itself. It is not one party but a coalition of all, for it contains Liberals like Mr. Snowden, Imperialist Radicals like Mr. Haden Guest, and Socialists of every conceivable shade, from trade unionists who, except for lip service to Marxian dogma, are really Conservatives, to Communists and revolutionaries. Now the Government's legislation on trade union law and general strikes is going to set all these sections by the ears. Secretly, quite a considerable section of the Labour men will be in sympathy with this legislation, if only as a means of emancipating the party from the tyranny of its extremists. Mr. Baldwin well said in his last speech on the coal dispute that if the Labour Party had not been so cowardly it would have attracted much of the support that is now given to the Conservatives. Instead it lent, at any rate in public, violent and ill-considered support to men who were doing the greatest possible injury to trade unionism, and for whose leadership it had the greatest possible contempt. It will have another chance in the coming session. It can, if it likes, co-operate with the Conservatives in supporting the general interest of the community against the indiscipline of minorities. Or it can repeat its mistakes of last session and, to preserve external unity where no real unity of opinion exists, surrender to its extremists and let them dictate policy.

It is a situation of extraordinary interest and one which, if there were any great men in the Labour Party, might lead to surprising developments. We have little hope of seeing the Labour Party emerge with credit. The probability is that precisely the same thing that happened last session will happen again on the Bill to amend the law of trade unions. But if it happens it will be a great chance missed again, as it is now sessioned,

for the best men in the Labour Party agree with the Conservatives that there is no hope for the country unless the foundation of industrial peace can be made secure, and they have a common interest with Conservatives in protecting themselves against the tyranny of small minorities to creep and intrude and climb into the fold to serve the interests, not of the workers or of the country, but of some alien political creed.

What Mr. Lloyd George said on this subject might make a great difference to the future certainty of his own Party and perhaps of the country. He is in an unfortunate position, for it so happens that the moderates of the Labour Party, with whom Liberals might naturally make a working alliance, are most distrustful of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Snowden is an exception, but the majority of the Labour Front Benchers are not in the least disposed to work with him, and have no particular admiration for his gifts. It is among the extremists of the party that this admiration is most evident, partly because they recognize in him a natural member of the Left Wing in any party to which he becomes attached, and partly because they dislike Mr. MacDonald and think that Mr. Lloyd George might be useful as a means to his overthrow. The future of Mr. Lloyd George will be largely decided by his attitude towards the new bill for the reform of trade union law, which is to be the principal legislative measure in the coming session. His attitude on the general strike, and later on the coal dispute, undoubtedly played into the hands of the extremists. Will he, in the hope of injuring the Government and of pegging out a claim on the Labour Party support, repeat that mistake? Or will he take the constructive and statesmanlike line and work for the new industrial spirit of peace between capital and labour with which some Labour leaders have expressed their sympathy?

On his choice between these alternatives will depend his own future and that of his Party. They are wrong who underrate his power and declare that his day is over. That he will ever be a Liberal Prime Minister again is extremely unlikely, but he might conceivably be a future Labour Prime Minister, or more probably he might be in a position in which to dictate policy without the responsibility of office. In either case his power for good and still more for mischief will be very great, and it would be a serious blunder to leave it out of our calculations. For if he throws in his influence with the wild men, we shall come perilously near to revolution—the Liberals are much stronger in the constituencies than the number of Liberal members would lead us to suppose. It is a piquant situation, and not by any means without anxiety.

The Conservative Party is fortunate, compared with the other parties, in having a reasonable, settled, and stable mind. No one knows in what directions the Labour Party will develop, or whether the Liberals under Mr. Lloyd George's leadership will be the allies of peacemakers or of the founders of strife in our industry. But the Conservative Party, while it may have the inevitable temperamental and intellectual differences, knows exactly on what road it will travel, and cannot be diverted from it by personal ambitions or by mere tactical considerations.

SHANGHAI

NOBODY can deny that the present situation in China is extremely dangerous, and that the methods at present adopted by the extremists to work up mob feeling against the foreigner are ominously reminiscent of those which led to the Boxer Rebellion. In Shanghai alone there are a million and a half Chinese as against some 7,000 British subjects, and the overwhelming majority of the Chinese population consists of people who live in the abominable poverty which is so often found where Western industrialism comes in contact with the races of the East. At any moment there might be a rising which, but for the intervention of the British Navy, would sweep all foreigners into the sea. Despite this, the greatest danger at the moment comes, not from the Chinese factory worker, not from Bolshevik agents in Canton, but from panic-mongers in our own country.

There is a tendency in certain sections of the British Press to connect the present crisis with the publication of the British Government's Memorandum on China. It is suggested that the policy of moderation and conciliation outlined in this Memorandum has encouraged Chinese extremists. There is, of course, not a shadow of evidence for this contention, and the crisis which now threatens Shanghai would have come at least as quickly and would have been infinitely more dangerous had it been possible for agitators in China still to pretend that British policy was one of oppression. The one mistake in regard to the British Memorandum was that its issue was too long delayed. This mistake can only be remedied by an unwavering fidelity to the policy of moderation. Mr. Chen has not been invariably successful in preventing mob rule, a fact which does not astonish us when we remember that he has to deal with uneducated masses incensed by greed, envy and propaganda. His influence over them will increase if he can show that the British are willing to deal with him on a basis of equality, just as surely as it will decrease if the Chinese interpret the present naval measures for the protection of Shanghai as an effort to intimidate them.

Every one admits that most of the trouble in China might have been avoided had Japan, the United States and the European Powers been able to agree upon a policy. Quite naturally, but very unfortunately, many Governments felt it advisable to leave the British, who have such great interests in China, to fight their battles for them and to incur odium on their behalf. By publishing our Memorandum and by showing such marked restraint at Hankow, we have compelled other Powers to take their share of responsibility for the defence of Shanghai.

As things stand at present, Shanghai is in no immediate danger of being attacked, for the Cantonese troops are said to have been pushed out of Chekiang Province altogether, and, in any case, Mr. Chen and other members of his Government hope to win Shanghai by propaganda rather than by force. The results of this propaganda would doubtless be strikes and, possibly, attempts at rebellion, but with very little naval assistance the Shanghai Municipal

Council should be able to maintain order. Another encouraging feature of the present situation is the lessening hostility between North and South China. It is true that the reason for this decreasing rivalry is that Chang Tso-lin and the Northern commanders find themselves at one with Kuomintang in their desire to obtain the return of foreign concessions. But, since every one admits that foreign concessions in their old form must go, the possibility, although still remote, of reconciliation between North and South China is to be welcomed. Another important factor is the growing realization of the Cantonese that the foreigner has built up in China industrial and financial machinery, the disappearance of which would inevitably impede the progress of the New China which they hope to construct.

Two dangers remain. It is alleged that Mr. O'Malley and Mr. Chen have reached a deadlock because the British demand the return of the Hankow concession in its old form before proper negotiations begin. In other words, we demand from Kuomintang a recognition of British rights acquired under treaties which the new China considers as unjust and which it cannot recognize. We are inclined to believe that the British hand would be strengthened if we had maintained that policy which first led us to call in Kuomintang troops to police the British concession in Hankow, and that it would have been to the advantage of our industry to re-open the banks with the least possible delay, and to refrain from financial "reprisals" against the Cantonese, such as the complete cessation of business there. The whole spirit of the British Memorandum was one of co-operation between whatever parties in China were in power and our own country. It would be dangerous to allow a natural desire to revenge ourselves on the Cantonese for the anxiety they have caused us to destroy this spirit of co-operation.

But still more dangerous would be any appearance of a "cruiser policy." The British Government is behaving with admirable calm in an extremely difficult situation, and it is the duty of everyone to avoid steps which would complicate its task. Its first duty is obviously to see that the lives of British citizens in China are protected, and its second duty is to see that these temporary measures of protection do not prejudice the possibility of successful negotiations for the rapid resumption of normal relations with the Chinese as soon as the dangerous period of transition is over. It is extremely difficult to judge exactly what naval and military measures are necessary to ensure the protection of British citizens. This question we must leave to experts. But, in reaching their decisions, these experts should not forget that nothing could more imperil British interests in China than a naval "demonstration." We have to convince the Chinese that we mean every word of our Memorandum of conciliation, and to remember that the man who makes the greatest display of his arms is not necessarily the bravest man. Those of us who believe the crisis can be solved without the shedding of blood, British or Chinese, must hope that the British Government will be able to maintain its firm stand against those well-meaning, but misguided, persons who insist that the best way of treating the Chinese is to drop shells on them.

A LETTER FROM MOSCOW [FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Moscow, January 7

POLITICAL Moscow is now hibernating. The last event of the season, the session of the "Komintern" Executive, was mainly taken up by dreary recapitulations of official doctrine about the "temporary stabilization of Capitalism on the West," leading to the "inevitable struggle between British and American capitalists and the most terrible war in history!" But it achieved one important result for Bolshevik policy on the East: the negotiation of a working arrangement between Communists and Nationalists within the Kuomintan, that is, a regular *liaison* between Canton and Moscow. Sun-Yat-Sen, late Canton dictator, said: "Work with Moscow but always look to the West." Last Spring his successors, making a sudden swing away from the Extreme Left, expelled many Chinese Communists from the city together with their Russian monitors. But the sagacious Chan-Kai-Shee, whom this *coup* brought to the supreme command, had no intention of forcing events to a crisis. And a *modus operandi* has now been reached whereby the Russian military advisers are to be retained and one-third of the members of the Kuomintang Executive Committee are to be Chinese Communists. Moreover, the Canton Army is to be reorganized on the lines of the Red Army, namely, "political" representatives are to be included among the higher ranking officers and, in picked regiments, also among N.C.O.'s and privates. This ensures political control over Chan-Kai-Shee, who may become a Trotzky but not a Napoleon. In exchange, a significant concession is made to Canton: in future, Chinese Communist members of the Kuomintang shall obey Kuomintang orders before Communist orders and conflicts shall be referred for decision to the Kuomin-tan Executive. Moscow Communists, who have not forgotten Sun-Yat-Sen's dictum and have no illusions about the ultimate strength of Cantonese Communism, are highly satisfied with this arrangement.

The dismissal of Zinoviev from the secretaryship of the Komintern—the other important event of the session—although mainly due to his activities as a leader of the Opposition within the Russian Communist Party, none the less illustrates the present tendency to "demobilize" the Third International on the West. Bukharin, the subtlest party dialectician, has been made secretary *ad interim*; it is likely that a foreign delegate, probably the German Thaelmann, will share the office with him after the next Congress. And one again hears the pros and cons of sending the Third International away from Moscow—to Berlin or even to Vienna—discussed. For practical reasons I think this unlikely; but it shows the irritation of experts in Foreign Affairs at the ponderous and compromising methods of the Komintern.

Baited by such obscure foreign delegates as the American Mr. Pepper—comically faithful henchman of the party leaders—the Opposition leaders Trotzky, Zinoviev and Kamenev (this last with his nomination to the Quirinal safe in his pocket) claimed their right to address the Komintern Executive and in telling speeches denounced official optimism with regard to the growth of economic Socialism in Russia, insisting on the need for developed commercial and financial relations with the Capitalist States of the West, if the Russian Socialist State is to survive. Hitherto the Stalin Administration, after officially "extirpating" the Trotzkist heresy, has quietly adopted many of his proposals. But this time the quarrel is so envenomed that I feel it will lead to a stiffening of the official attitude with regard to debt recognition and industrial concessions to foreigners, for several months at

least. The Administration, in fighting Trotzky, has been led to declare that Russia can stand alone and now its prestige is involved.

Russians may sometimes be violent in their political methods, but they have an incomparable genius for gently wearing down their adversaries. When the Opposition leaders answer the taunts of the Party chiefs—Stalin recently called Trotzky a “kino revolutionary”—they are heckled by an organized *claque* and next day threatened in the *Pravda* and the other Party organs with expulsion for violating the terms of their recent capitulation. When they keep silent, they are “ragged” for not daring to speak. Their expulsion from the Party seems improbable; *la guerre d’usure* should suffice. As a Communist said to me: “Presently the Opposition will fall out of the tree like so much dead wood.” In a recent interview—answering the question: “Will more discussion be permitted when things settle down?”—Stalin said: “No. Less. When things settle down less discussion will be necessary.” However, all that depends on the unexpected not happening.

Muscovites take delight in riddles, especially those inspired by political malice. “Why is Joseph like Moses?” Answer: “Moses led the Chosen People out of Egypt and Joseph (i.e., Joseph Stalin) led them out of the Politbureau.” That is the most popular riddle in Moscow to-day. For Russian Anti-Semitism is not dead. President Kalinin, addressing foreign Jewish delegates a few days ago, said that it was confined to disgruntled members of the ex-bourgeois intelligentsia, who have never forgiven the Jews for rallying to the Bolshevik regime and so obtaining posts. Unofficial observers are convinced that Anti-Semitism is increasing not only among the ex-bourgeoisie, but among peasants, city workers and even among active Communist Party members, despite decrees making it illegal to refer to a Jew as such. (At one time “Jews” and “Chéká” were alike forbidden words.)

There are two good reasons for this increase: First, that most of the “Nepmen,” or new trading class, who are treated as social pariahs and lose all civic rights, are Jews. This is not surprising; the Jews were always the most active tradesmen in Russia, and, unlike most Russians, are capable of “team work” (in their case, patriarchal), an invaluable asset in “turning the law,” as it must be “turned,” if a “bourgeois” profit is to be made by private traders in Russia to-day. Secondly, the most prominent leaders of the defeated Opposition are all Jews: Trotzky, Zinoviev, Kamenev. And this was not an accident. The intellectual Russian Jew has always tended to be a “good European”—or at the least a cosmopolitan—in his culture; and, if a revolutionary, genuinely internationalist in his socialist view-point. Now the recent party struggle, although nominally about economics, was in fact mainly between what may be called the “Westerners” who are interested in Europe, and therefore in the “European Revolution,” and the more narrowly national elements with Russo-Asiatic leanings. Under the Czars, it was customary to denounce the Jews as a restless non-Russian element amid the Asiatic quietism of the Russian mass. Is it surprising that the Jewish leadership of the political opposition to “our good Leninist leaders” should now provoke similar denunciations?

The Soviet Ministry for Education and the Fine Arts has just created a special State “School for the Arts of the Circus,” beginning this year with a “faculty” for clowns. The curriculum includes: “the oral part [i.e., patter]; how to make the best use of literary, political and satirical materials; the musical part: use of freak instruments, etc.; acrobatics; costumes and scenic effects; the elements of political education.” Like any other conservatoire, this clowns’ academy is to have its students’ troupe. “The contemporary clown,” says the prospectus, “must cease to be a

pailasse and become a satirist of the negative [i.e., bourgeois] sides of life.” The scheme looks good on paper. Clowns are still immensely popular in Russia. In the darkest hours of famine and civil war, Bim and Bom and the other favourites split the sides of crowded houses with their cracks at Commissars and free love on an empty stomach. And although a few of them were put away for short terms, on the whole, freedom of patter if not of speech was and still is respected in the Soviet Union. But now Harlequin, Columbine, Clown and Policeman are to work together in the greater Russian pantomime. Will the clown’s art, with its comic criticism of pompous convention, its joyous revolt against ponderous authority, survive the “political education” of a Soviet academy? However, Farega, one of the greatest authorities on pantomime and who loves clowns for their own sakes, is in charge, so perhaps it will.

IMPERIALIST AMERICA

By SIR FRANK FOX

B RITISH people, who have outgrown the stage that sends one raiding the cupboard merely to make sure that wicked mice are not spoiling the jam, who are, indeed, beginning to doubt whether they still like jam, would be more sympathetic to the United States people in their affairs with Central America if they were less unctuous in their professions: would prefer them to “talk United States” and say frankly “our world interests demand that we should control Nicaragua and we are going to do so.” But it would be a pity if, on a point of mere literary punction, we were deflected from the common-sense attitude in the matter: which is to recognize that the United States is a young, growing and therefore Imperialistic Power; and to decide whether we should be sympathetic or obstructive to her plans.

It is a common, but an unfortunate, fallacy to accept the United States view of herself—sincere possibly in regard to the mass of her voters but certainly not in regard to those who control her policy—as a Quaker in foreign affairs. The conception of the United States as pursuing, in happy contrast to wicked Europe, a simple and unselfish national life, with no desire for expansion, no thought of interfering with the affairs of others, in the world but not of the world, is nonsense. The map proclaims it. In the middle of the eighteenth century the United States began national housekeeping with a small territory on the seaboard of the Atlantic. In the nineteenth century that area was extended, by purchase, by conquest, by plain taking, to an area almost as large as Europe. This century sees the United States established on the chief strategic points of Central America, in the Caribbean Sea, in the North Pacific, and along the coast of Asia, determined evidently to obtain control of all North America south of Canada, insisting that any American affair is solely her affair and that in the rest of the world she is to have an equal voice with other Powers.

It would be abnormal if the United States were not Imperialistic. Nations, like individuals, are governed by biological laws. A disposition to make anxious sacrifices to the gods who grant peace is the sign of old age. A young strong nation is as naturally aggressive and ambitious as a young, strong boy, and—since the United States has grown up very quickly, and chiefly from uprooted sections of other peoples who lost most of their old tradition on being transplanted and have not yet had time to mature a restraining tradition of their own—this particular youth is naturally somewhat forthright and unscrupulous. Turn to the map and to historical facts for proof. In 1845 Mr. President Polk extended Mr. President Monroe’s doctrine of 1823 to mean that it was the duty

of the United States "to annex American territory lest it be annexed by European countries"; so Texas, Oregon and California were annexed. In 1867 a United States protest was entered against the Federation of the Canadian Provinces. In 1870 Mr. President Grant forecasted "the end of European political connexion with this continent." In 1895 the United States view was that "foreign colonies ought to cease in this hemisphere."

Only when the United States expansionist ideal which would, in effect, make her the suzerain of all North, Central and South America has met a direct "no" from Great Britain, has it ever been modified or its operation postponed. Every weaker objection has been brushed aside. The Hawaiian Kingdom was blessed in the first instance with a benevolent American suzerainty: then with "free institutions" when the Hawaiian Republic was established. The next step was annexation and to-day the Hawaiian has as much "self-determination" as the native of Central Africa. The manner in which Spain administered her colonial possessions seemed to the United States to be capable of improvement; and a war with Spain gave Cuba and the Philippines to American control. The little sister Republic of Colombia, knowing that the United States had need of control of the area which the Panama Canal would cross, was inclined to drive a hard bargain over the rights. Her desire to exploit the opportunity was rudely vetoed with the promotion of the independent Republic of Panama by the United States, which seceded from Colombia and used its new liberty at once to make arrangements which were satisfactory to Washington.

To-day the sister Republic of Nicaragua is in much the same position as was the Republic of Colombia in 1903. There is another, and a better, canal area in Nicaragua; and this is intended to come under the control of the United States, by hook or by crook, the hook of dollar diplomacy or the crook of open or veiled annexation. But Mexico has thought fit to interfere. Mexico has already lost to the United States more than half of the area which she controlled when in 1813 she first declared her independence of Spain. She has reasons to fear that the remainder will shortly go the same way. She sees Honduras already brought by "dollar diplomacy" to the position of a dependency of the United States and Nicaragua threatened with the same fate. Not without secret encouragement, we can safely presume, from an Asiatic Power, she shows some inclination to make a fight of it.

Those are the essential facts of the present situation put in terms of plain English and not in the phraseology which calls invasion of a friendly country "establishing a neutral zone." The British Empire has to decide what to do about it. Be guided by maxims which Mr. President Wilson set forth so didactically about the rights of small nations and the sacred principle of self-determination, and take the view that, even on the continent of America, there should be independence for a feeble community, even to the extent of mismanaging its own affairs? Or be guided by what was the old governing principle of British Imperialism, that there is no sacred right of a backward people to hold up the development of civilization?

In the past we have not insisted on the privilege of a rowdy nation to grow weeds in its fields to spoil the good gardens next door; or to commit nuisances on important trade routes; or even to grind a hurdy-gurdy to the disturbance of the big progressive magnate who is trying to think out plans for the better development of the human race. With, I honestly believe, as little cruelty as possible and with a minimum of needless interference, but quite resolutely, the British race has gone on its way tidying up shabby corners of the universe and putting order and progress where there had been anarchy and stagnation. We have followed this policy ourselves and we have seen

other European Powers following it without protest on our part.

The inevitable destiny of America south of the Canadian frontier and north of the Panama Canal is to come under the control of the United States. In the task of imposing that control there will be mistakes made, wrongs committed, without a doubt. The United States people face the future with a splendidly youthful faith in their own good motives, a faith which can justify an unscrupulous action better than any degree of cynicism. It will be wisdom on our part not to interfere, indeed to show a benevolent neutrality. Behind this immediate question of Central America—the question of the United States assuming so firm a control that there will be no possibility of another Power interfering with canal communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans—looms the larger question of the future of the Pacific, in which our race has interests which can never be abandoned. The future of the Pacific would offer, indeed, a gloomy prospect if there were to grow up antagonism between the British Empire and the United States. No Central American issue is worth that price. But if only our American friends would study their own history a little and cease their preachments directed against the wicked Imperialists of Europe!

AT TWICKENHAM

BY IVOR BROWN

MR. BERNARD DARWIN, who has this winter compiled an anthology of games and the open air, could find nothing to include about Rugby football as we know it. He took a passage about the Eton Wall game, a sporting curio whose chronicles can be of interest only to those who have done and suffered in that kind or have observed the battle from above. He also drew on 'Tom Brown' for an account of Rugby's formidable parent-game, that long-drawn tourney of mass and muscle. Then "Rugger" was a wreckful siege of battering days, with goals invested by multitudes and with a sway of turbid combat, like the sweep and surge of Homeric armies on the plains of Troy. The literature of our shorter, sharper, and more skilful game is small, which is at once a pity and a mystery. The swing of a cricket-bat has set dozens of mighty pens on the move and the crack of an off-drive has long been the signal which summons prose and poetry into action. Boxing has ever been a fancy of the "littery gent," but the superb clash of strength and of speed, of cunning and of endurance on the "Rugger" ground is a drama whose criticism has been of the occasion, often journalism at its best, but dismissed by the anthologist as perishable goods.

Mr. Squire once hymned the University match, and rightly. Why should our sons of Pindar be always at Lord's and never at Twickenham? If one is right to find splendour in a game, is not January as good a month as June? Things that find cellarage in the mind, there to ripen and delight, may as easily come from the touch-line as from the boundary. Under July scorchings I can be home-sick for the mud, remembering things ancient and modern, Poulton-Palmer streaking through some misty afternoon like a ribbon of gold, the play-boy temerities of the pre-war Harlequins, a last great plunge of Scottish forwards betrayed by their backs, the organized audacity of the last "All Black" team, those swifts of the south, dark "bolts from the sun-god's quiver," or some mad scamper of bedevilled Irishmen, infantry turned cavalry in the grinding stress of "five minutes more." As much as music or Macartney may such things vibrate in the memory. "The run-stealers flicker to and fro"—are not the wreaths of the try-stealers to have as much of ghostly perpetuity?

Naturally those games most endure in the mind to which one brought the loyalties of a partisan. To me England against Scotland, Oxford against Cambridge are the matches whose grand events have been laid down to mature in recollection's vaults. Perhaps I should add school-games too, sporting history being democratic enough to allow the minnows of memory free play among the grander fish. As a Scot I watched last Saturday's game at Twickenham with the equable chill of neutrality. On the whole I slightly favoured Wales, hoping to see Scotland's breach of the Twickenham wall re-entered. To partisans the game must have been intensely exciting because the scales of skill were level and luck only could tilt the balance. To me it was a disappointment, despite an occasional grandeur like Corbett's try, scored as though a magician had passed his hands over the otherwise redoubtable Welsh defence and commanded an impotence unqualified. It should have been a fast and open game, for the sun was out and speed could kick its heels. But at times it actually dragged and the virtue went out of a spectacle potentially superb.

The reason was the number of stoppages. I did not keep a tally of the total of free kicks, but I note that one report says "round about twenty-five." That is nearly one big break in every three minutes' play. Add to that several inevitable pauses owing to an injury or to the necessity of rehabilitating the untroussered. Then add the vexatious delays caused by the half-backs' habit of propelling the ball into the scrum as though they were firing a cannon-ball. Either it went clean through the tunnel or hit an outside leg and bounced back out of play. Often this happened three times in succession. If, in addition to these checks, the game is stopped twenty-five times for penalties, the rhythm of a "Rugger" match is hopelessly broken. One had some notable dashes, but the essential pattern of three-quarter work on a dry ground had no time to establish itself. The result was a soldier's battle, whose evenness made chance the arbiter and strategy less cogent than briskness in the scramble. It is not often, surely, that a right-wing three-quarter scores a try so close to the left-wing touch-line that the referee has to question the touch-judge before he allows it. That was how Andrews scored for Wales, a tribute to his own capacity for leaving beaten tracks and yet typical of a game in which the ragged and the rugged manner were equally prominent.

The penalties were not all on one side and the compensation for offences was equal at three points each. But there is far too little care now taken to avoid the minor illegalities, like passing off the ground and trying to lurk offside in order to "get away with it" in the confusion. Mr. Scott, the Scottish referee, was sharp of eye and firm of discipline. Accordingly, by executing the law he spoiled the run of the game; he could do nothing else with the players in this temper. The conflict was not gentle, but from my place in the crowd I saw nothing indecently ferocious. But what I did see was that, on both sides, players would risk an "offside" or some other small offence in the hope of going unseen. Naturally they get an advantage this way, since a referee's view is bound to be impeded sometimes. But it is an ugly and a tedious nuisance. Shall we be driven to having four or five referees and a free-kick every minute?

At one point policy did tell. That was in the marking of Windsor Lewis, the Cambridge Welshman, who ran through the Oxford defence easily in mid-December. The English wing-forwards powerfully broke into the Welsh attack. Had not Lewis been so insistently dogged the result might have been very different. So might it have been if Wales had not lost one of its strongest forwards very early in the game. But it was curious that the seven Welsh forwards began to get the ball far more than they had done with a full number. But the missing weight must have told in the end. It was a twist of luck that

may have turned the conclusion. But nothing can upset the fact that, if ever a captain deserved to win a game off his own boot, it was Corbett. His noble shoulders were a barricade on which to check attack and from which to launch it. Captaincy came to him by accident and was entertained as the most natural guest in the world.

So the true flame of the game did sometimes crackle up through dullish fuel. As a contest of rough arts it was, for the partisan, terrific; as a display of fine art it was, for the neutral, disappointing. The Welsh section of the crowd took the narrow loss of victory and the hard rub of fortune with sober quietude. They neither sang before the match nor were greatly vocal during its course. Twickenham is a sobering frame for the bright battlescapes we put there. The man with a stiff upper lip is everywhere about it. So much is it a middle-class institution that the ebullient instincts are smothered at the gate. A spectator of "Rugger" in London has no kinship with the "Soccer" fan; he retains his private life. Beyond the occasional shout, the discreet waving of a hat, he will not betray the agonies or ecstasies of strife. He will not sing, nor eat "hot dogs." His lips are guarded though his heart beat strong. Twickenham is a last fortress of the Forsytes, and the Welshmen seemed to feel the chill of it. The man who climbed the goal-post to bind the leek to the tip of it made his heroic gesture, while the constable rebuked him cheerfully from below. A few were like Fluellen's "Welshmen of good service, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps." But they brought no sauce with the herb. Whoever may win at Twickenham, decorum never loses.

THE BULL THAT THOUGHT

By T. EARLE WELBY

WITHIN the last few weeks I have read, in the one instance as part of a reviewer's job, in the other on a rewarded impulse, two books about Guy de Maupassant. Mr. Sherard's volume had some journalistic merits, with illustrations chosen on much the principles that dictate the pictorial irrelevancies of our wonderful picture papers. But Mr. Sherard, with an uncommonly plain tale to tell, wandered backwards and forwards until in a fury I began to ask myself where we were, in the sunshine of the wonderful productive years or in the shadow of the madhouse. Also, Mr. Sherard seemed to me to have no feeling for literary values, no suspicion of conventional judgments on Maupassant. He told us the usual things about that long apprenticeship to Flaubert, without making it clear, however, that there were from the beginning of Guy's life reasons why the author of "Madame Bovary" should have been profoundly concerned for the boy's future: he never raised the question whether the tuition was wholly beneficial or the further question whether its effects were enduring.

Now, as it seems to me, master and pupil differed fundamentally in that Flaubert created out of reflection and Maupassant by instinct. Every book of Flaubert's had a long, important, painful ante-natal life, and everything Maupassant produced, whatever the labour spent on it, has a certain air of having been extemporized. The pupil's ideas are not such as have an independent existence and value, ideas interesting in themselves and turned over and over until very gradually they are incarnated in a perfect fiction. Maupassant's philosophy is wholly determined by the exigencies of his craft. A teller of short, pointed tales, he feels instinctively that life must be simplified if it is to be got within his compass and to be rendered by his medium. He simplifies it, chiefly by assuming that it is almost wholly governed by a few

animal appetites, from the indulgence of which there will be revulsions morally no more significant than the resolves of the morning after. Those assumptions are merely the craftsman's, and his ultimate outcry against life is merely the workman's quarrel with a material not everywhere amenable to his tools, by no means to be compared with the radical discontent of Flaubert.

It may be that Mr. Ernest Boyd, whose accurate and lucid biography of Maupassant* rounds off his labours as translator and editor of the Knopf edition of that writer's collected works, has suspected as much. At any rate, whether by design or chance, he has confined himself, through the greater part of his book, to a record of the facts, without attempting to penetrate much below the surface. If only he had gone further and, supposing he shares my opinion, boldly said that Maupassant's view of life was decisively conditioned by his technique! "Blessed are those," Maupassant exclaims when he is within sight of the asylum, "who do not feel the abominable nausea of always repeating the same actions... Blessed are those who do not discover that nothing changes, that nothing passes, that everything tires." "How I wish, at times, that I could live like an animal in a bright, warm country, in a yellow land without crude and brutal greens, in an Oriental country, where sleep is joyful and one awakes without sorrow, where love is not fraught with anguish." And we know what he means, what he has always meant, by love. "I shall have four or five wives in quiet, noiseless apartments, wives chosen from the five continents of the world, who shall bring me the savour of feminine beauty as it has blossomed in all races." On another page of the confessions he is wishing that he had arms enough, and other faculties enough, to deal with all women. Carlyle said of the perfectly sane and wholesome animalism of Whitman that it was "as if the town bull had taken pen in hand"; here, to borrow the title of one of the best of Mr. Kipling's recent stories, is the bull that thought, thinking after his kind. He has that tremendous physique, with the secret weakness of the nerves, and he has been ruining it for years by excesses, and he has his story-teller's instinct, and he has nothing else. Get him away from his craft and he can think of nothing but the lusts of an already weary flesh and of the horror of annihilation. It has been considered wonderful that he wrote so much: writing was a necessity to him, the one hope of keeping this side of madness, the one means of laying the spectres that haunted his mind whenever he was not limiting thought to the requirements of his craft.

Long before the end, swiftly as it came, he had forgotten much of what he learned from Flaubert. The monotonous epithets, tiresomely often in groups of three, which disfigure some of his later work are not more exasperating than the frequency with which he finally used certain devices, as of friends met in reminiscent vein. One sort of character, the guzzling, fornicating, formidable Normand, he could draw to the very last, and the narrative always moved. But the great Maupassant was dead well before madness came. Mr. Boyd is quite right in saying that at last his stories were a good deal more like Octave Feuillet's than like Flaubert's. In his great days, his stories, as he justly boasted, were finished before a word was written. He had but to be strictly faithful to himself. The art of such things as 'Boule de Suif' is infallible, and it is wholly Maupassant's. Later on there comes uncertainty, a sort of softening too. The bull is beginning to think otherwise than a bull should. One is tempted to suppose that if he could have abstained from abstract thought he might have escaped the horrible hallucinations and the end in the asylum. The bull does not perish of the bull's

excesses; it is the man, trying to live as man and as animal, who kills himself.

It is significant that in France, the very home of criticism, there has been so little criticism of Maupassant. There is, in truth, very little used to probe into him. He is not of those writers who mean one thing to the few and quite another thing, or nothing, to the general mob of readers. The appeal of his best work is direct, simple, and irresistible. His substance is almost everywhere immediately comprehensible by the average sensual man, and his writing, in earlier days so precise, sober and vigorous, gives hardly more pleasure to the epicure of style than to the man in the street. For a time Maupassant was considered very Parisian, and he himself would have been pleased by that memorial which exhibits a typical destroyer of his vitality, frail and fashionable and unconscious of the evil she has done to her lover. But actually his chief successes as a writer were with provincial figures, peasant or bourgeois, and at his best he was, as Mr. Boyd has intelligently perceived, addressing just such a public, with a good-natured irony of which Flaubert was altogether incapable in face of mediocrity.

The *taureau triste* of Taine's brilliant phrase had in him, really, only that melancholy to which the Latin tag testifies: madness was ruin to him, whereas it was inspiration to Gérard de Nerval, because he had properly speaking no mind, no power to be content in abstract or even in personal thought. He thought he knew women, out of his ample experience, but he could never have understood what the thought of one absent woman meant to Balzac.

TOO MANY PEOPLE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I HAVE decided that I cannot enjoy London any longer, not even on a short visit. I think it was our experience at the Circus that decided me. As soon as we arrived in town the other day we bethought ourselves of the Circus at Olympia and made up our minds to go that very afternoon. It never occurred to us to book seats. I had been to Olympia once before, and remembered it as a building out of a nightmare, a vast interior that Bank Holiday itself could never fill. Having lunched, we descended upon West Kensington like gods, our minds pleasantly humming with anticipation and full of circuses. For my own part, I was bent on seeing the hundred or so clowns it promised us. Professional clowns and clowning, the silly antics of serious people, are rare enough these days, and would be a refreshing change from the other and unprofessional kind of clowning one knows so well, the serious antics of silly people. We were in good time, and I saw us strolling in and dropping into comfortable seats, surrounded by the enthusiastic youngsters who would make up the larger part of the afternoon audience. But when we arrived at the place, there seemed to be a revolution in progress. Olympia was being stormed as if it were another Bastille. Streams of people were coming away and great throngs were still pressing forward. Uniformed attendants, with very hoarse voices and waxed moustaches, and looking like the ringmaster's poor relations, were bawling out the news that all tickets for the Circus that afternoon had been sold. Notwithstanding their passionate reiteration, people, thousands and thousands of them, were still besieging the ticket-offices, perhaps in the hope of

* 'Guy de Maupassant.' By Ernest Boyd. Knopf. 21s.

booking seats for the following week. Clearly we had arrived several days too late, and, feeling foolish, as one always does in these circumstances, we withdrew into the bustling wilderness of West Kensington, clownless and disconsolate.

This experience, from which I did not recover throughout our short stay, confirmed a suspicion I have entertained for some time, and I suddenly saw why it is that I enjoy these visits to London less and less. There are too many people in the place. One does not, of course, expect the city to be empty (and how horrible it would be if it were!); the hum and bustle, the stream of strange folks, are inseparable from one's thought of the town, and are indeed part of its attraction; and I am not crying out here for vacant lengths of street, empty theatres, and deserted restaurants. I do not want a whole city to myself, even if, in my heart of hearts, I believe that I ought to be supplied with one if necessary. But there is a point past which a cheerful and comfortable bustle and busyness turn into detestable overcrowding, not heightening our pleasure, but robbing us of it. We are elbowed out of enjoyment, so hustled and harassed in our search for entertainment that we had better be working. This is what seems to me to be happening in London. Not so many years ago there were just enough people about, in the streets and buses and shops and theatres and restaurants, to animate the scene, giving it movement and colour and dramatic interest, so that one felt one was seeking pleasure in the world's capital and enjoyed the gregarious thrill, but at the same time there was ample room to move and enjoy at ease, and there was no necessity to push and jostle and book seats and rush for tables. Now it seems—it may be my fancy, for I have no figures to support me; but there it is—that happy state of things has vanished, and as year follows year there seem to be more and more people walking the streets, waiting at shop counters, jumping on buses and tube trains, filling the theatres and hotels and restaurants and teashops.

Where they all come from, these people, I cannot imagine; but there they are, more and more of them, in fact. I find the very trains up to town uncomfortably crowded these days. At whatever hour of the day I venture into some streets, such as Oxford Street or Kensington High Street, I can hardly move along, so dense is the crowd. If I wish to go to a theatre, either all the seats are booked for weeks ahead or, at the best, there is nothing left but some seat at the end of a back row. Even in the afternoon the places are full. My only chance of dropping into a comfortable seat at a theatre at the last moment, it would seem, will have to depend on my writing a play myself and getting it produced. There are enough people wanting to see a circus to fill the monstrous Olympia perhaps two or three times over twice a day. No matter what hotel I stay at, there is hardly ever any choice of rooms, and the lounge is always uncomfortably crowded from breakfast time to midnight. Lunch is a scramble for a table and a disheartening tale of dishes that are "off." There is not even a glimpse of solitude and quiet at teatime. Dinner is another adventure more reminiscent of race-meetings and cup-ties than the serene and noble hour of refreshment. A late supper is not to be thought of, for by this time one has not heart to push and jostle

in the chattering, gaping, elbowing mob. Even if, suddenly sick of it all, I decide to rush away and catch the very next train home, there is not a taxi to be had to take me to the station. And the trains that carry me back to the country are still uncomfortably crowded. It is as if everybody had decided to leave the place the same moment that I had, and yet when I return again, they are all back, determined to crowd into the same streets, to fill the theatre or restaurant before I arrive, and equally determined not to miss anything, not to dine and spend the evening at home, not to go to bed. Where do they come from? Who are they? Why do they not go and do some work, or visit a sick friend, or take a holiday in the Sudan? Why is it that there are more and more of them every time I visit the city?

As soon as I am back in the country, the newspapers inform me that everybody has left town or that there is a "slump," and that theatrical managers and restaurateurs are complaining, but there are never any signs of anybody having left or of these "slumps" the next time I arrive in town. And I have never been a lover of crowds, and now find myself disliking them more and more. If my pleasure depends upon my pushing and jostling and snatching and grabbing among a crowd, I would rather go pleasureless. If I found Paradise itself crowded, with long queues waiting for wings and harps, I should ask to be turned out; but they will surely order things better up there, and will reserve their crowding for the other region. I could devise a very pretty Hell for myself. It would be one long Oxford Street without any side-roads whatever, and everybody would be compelled to keep moving, except certain fiends, assuming the shape of stout middle-aged women, all umbrellas and elbows, who would be for ever wheeling round and standing and staring. All food and drink would have to be procured at cheap teashops, gigantic establishments deplorably under-staffed and steaming with humanity. Enormous crowds would be pushing their way in and out of these horrors all day, and anybody who did not join them, pressing in, elbowing a way from floor to floor, standing about for a seat, then banging a bell for hours, would have to go without bite or sup. There would be no homes at all to go to, but just this endless crowded street, and at night the doomed soul, which would be attached, of course, to a weary carcase, would have to seek accommodation in an hotel. There would be thousands of these, huge, cheap, nasty places, and nine out of ten would always be full, so that the wretched creature would be compelled to trail from one to another, encountering the sneers and hollow laughter of demons in the form of reception clerks and night porters. The rooms, when secured at last, would always prove to be tiny garrets, and either distressingly hot or insufferably cold. In all the crowds there would never be a familiar face; day-long the faces would go jumbling by, sickening masses of them, pale faces, pink faces, long faces, short faces, whiskered faces, smooth faces, faces with beaks, faces with snouts; but never a familiar face, never a friendly glance, an answering smile. This, I flatter myself, would be a most ingenious and devilish touch. But here is another. It is obvious that after a few weeks of this, most men would be so crowd-sick that they would suddenly begin screaming their hate

of the throng about them, and would hurl themselves in the thick of it, determined to kill or be killed, or preferably both. They would want to batter in some of these idiotic faces, have one glorious baresark moment, and then, the infuriated mob retaliating, find happy oblivion. But, of course, they would not be able to do this. Their screams of rage would attract no attention, and their blows would not be noticed by the passers-by, being nothing but a kind of shadow play. Nothing would stop the procession of faces, the pushing and the jostling, the swarming crowd. I fancy that the Hell of Too Many People would occupy a respectable place in the hierarchy of infernal regions.

MUSIC 'FIGARO' IN ENGLISH

THE destinies of English opera seem to be ruled by some ironic deity, who delights in treating his charge with a mischievous injustice. His latest prank is to banish the British National Opera Company to Golder's Green, where they are making their brief and only visit to the outskirts of the capital, which should be their centre of activity. I have nothing to say against Golder's Green; if it covers the feet with clay, it fills the lungs with freshest air, and its Hippodrome makes an admirable opera-house. But it is a long way to go. The journey was well worth it on the two occasions I took it, in order to see 'The Mastersingers' and 'The Marriage of Figaro.' For here is the irony of the situation: now that the Company has developed a definitely English style of operatic production, instead of attempting to imitate the various foreign ways, we, in London, are deprived of all but a fleeting glimpse of their activities.

The Company's 'Figaro' was most enjoyable, because they have stripped away all the conventions of presentation which grow up around any work which has been produced times without number for more than a century, and have gone to work at it from the beginning as though it were an entirely new opera. For the result they owe a debt to Mr. Nigel Playfair, who produced it before his ideas had turned to mannerisms, to Mr. Harwood, whose translation is a brilliant piece of work, to Mr. Hugo Rumbold, who cut out all pretence of the scene being in a real Spain and gave us a fantastic eighteenth-century background, and, above all, to Sir Thomas Beecham, who was the inspiration of the whole thing.

There are one or two things in this version with which some of us disagree, but they are more than counterbalanced by its good qualities. It is just as well, however, to remember that the 'Figaro' we have seen at Golder's Green is not, by a long way, the 'Figaro' of Mozart, much less that of da Ponte. Apart from the interpolations and excisions—some of which are, indeed, invariably made—the whole of the recitatives have been supplanted by spoken dialogue adapted from Beaumarchais's comedy, which was the basis of da Ponte's *libretto*. The editing has been admirably done, and I should be the last to deny that this version makes an excellent play with music, especially for production in English. Modern audiences in this country are notoriously impatient of *recitativo secco*, and, so far as we have any national style of opera, it seems to lie in the direction of works in which spoken dialogue is interspersed with songs and *ensemble* movements, as, for instance, in Sullivan's comic operas. The modification, in the case of 'Figaro,' is none the less a real one. It makes the opera more *dramatic*—I use the word as an adject-

tive for the ordinary spoken play—and less *musical*. If we accept this alteration in the balance, there is only one serious fault to find with the Beecham version, namely, the introduction of the Countess into the first act. She has nothing to say, because in the original she does not appear until Act II, and her short scene is dramatically not very effective. The real objection to the alteration is that it takes the edge off the effect of her first appearance proper, that is as a singing character.

Now the Countess's *cavatina*, "Porgi amor," which opens the second act, is one of the crucial moments of the opera. The whole of the first act is occupied with the frivolous intrigues of Count Almaviva and the light-hearted love-making of Figaro and Susanna—not to mention Cherubino. If the work proceeded in that vein, it would be a very "light" opera indeed—a delightful entertainment, perhaps, but not the profoundly moving comedy, which has endeared it to nearly all men of sensibility, whether they be musicians or not. Did this light mood persist, there might be some justification for the view, commonly held in the earnest years of early nineteenth-century romanticism, and by Beethoven among others, that both 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni' are frivolous trivialities unworthy of a "great" (how pompously they used the adjective!) composer. But the Countess introduces a new atmosphere into the opera, an atmosphere of genuine comedy, which has tears also in its laughter, as opposed to the mere amusement of the intrigue. It is that note of melancholy and disillusionment, which appears also in Strauss's 'Der Rosenkavalier' and, in precisely the same way, sheds a warm and human beauty over that cruel and, at times, almost disgusting farce. The note of seriousness is sounded again even more significantly in Susanna's air, "Deh! vieni non tardar," in the last act, which shows the girl's character in an entirely new light. Like Mozart himself, Susanna can be as frivolous and high-spirited as it is possible to imagine; but, when she is face to face with a serious occasion, she shows a deep and passionately tender feeling in the most lovely bridal song which has ever been composed. The mood continues, even during the comical misunderstandings of that mad evening, and appears as strongly as ever in the duet of reconciliation between Figaro and his bride. Anything which detracts from the carefully arranged emphasis upon this serious vein of thought in the opera is, therefore, an artistic mistake of real importance.

Mozart and da Ponte have often been accused of having turned a fine comedy with an almost Shavian touch of political propaganda in it, into a sordid farce. It is difficult to say how far this accusation is just as regards da Ponte. He has certainly omitted, no doubt in deference to the susceptibilities of the Austrian Emperor, all the more stinging social references of the original. But it must be remembered that he was writing an opera-book and that his business was to supply material suitable for music. He has done that with consummate skill. The *finales* are models of construction. We cannot, indeed, judge da Ponte's book apart from Mozart's music, the two are so inextricably associated in the mind. Against Mozart the accusation fails, except in so far as concerns the omission of the political allusions, which may be justified on musical grounds. For, even if the intention is not present in the book, the music raises the opera from that of farce into the realm of true comedy. It has always astonished me that anyone could regard as immoral an opera which glorifies, almost to the verge of sentimentality, the genuine love of Susanna and Figaro, pours out the deepest compassion upon the unhappy Countess, and whips Almaviva's licentiousness with a stinging scorn, which is tempered a little for the youthful back of Cherubino.

H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

PRAYER BOOK REVISION AND ANGLICAN UNITY

SIR,—While one agrees with much of your timely article on Prayer Book Revision, may one who has been connected with the English Church Union for thirty-six years express the view that there is a distinct misunderstanding of that Society's aims. It has stood for synodical action—the use of the constitutional and historical method of Church government by ecclesiastical councils and synods.

Therefore it accepts beforehand the decisions of the constitutional synod of the Bishops, but desires that the convocations and diocesan synods shall in accordance with ancient custom canonically accept and promulgate those decisions.

Many of us feel that only the restitution of diocesan synods (as already functioning in several dioceses) can adequately meet the difficulties of the present situation. The Bishop of St. Albans well expressed our attitude in his letter to the London Conference on Synods last week. But the E.C.U. strives to avoid partisanship, which your article rightly condemns, and has never tried to oust Evangelicals from the Anglican Communion.

I am, etc.,

W. ARTHUR WESTLEY
(Chairman, Oldham Br. E.C.U.)

St. John's Vicarage,
Oldham

SIR,—As a layman, I would express my hearty approval of your admirable leading article on Prayer Book Revision in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 15.

Do the extremists never pause to consider the influence which their indiscipline must exercise on the general community? As you say, the Bishops sitting *in banco* are the recognized authority governing the Church of England, and if that authority be set at defiance, no good can come either to Church or State.

I am, etc.,

CHURCHWARDEN

MUNICIPAL LETHAL CHAMBERS

SIR,—I thank "Looking Back" for reminding me of M. de Maupassant's 'L'Endormeuse.' But the point is, are we not approaching the day when the lethal chamber will no longer be a topic for imaginative literature, but a stern reality?

Signs are not wanting that every year under our present civilization the self-determination of human life becomes more general. Everything is done to soften the stigma of self-destruction. "Suicide" itself will probably soon follow the "lunatic asylum" into the limbo of outworn words and phrases.

As the ethical right to withhold life for economic reasons is now not only conceded but advocated, surely it is straining at a gnat to regard as a grievous sin the voluntary withdrawal of life for the same reasons under certain conditions.

I am, etc.,

"LOOKING FORWARD"

Grosvenor Street, W.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—I have no mandate to reply to the strictures of Mr. Gerald Bullett against J. M. L.'s admirable opinion of capital punishment, neither do I feel inclined in any way to benefit murderers, apart from a

wish to do unto others as I would like to be done by in similar circumstances, and the most merciful thing to do to a murderer is to free him from his uncomfortable feeling of constant fear that murder will out. Capital punishment is certainly more merciful than penal servitude for life and must, therefore, be the best remedy for a mind tortured either with remorse, fear of detection, or the feeling of public ostracism during imprisonment.

The fundamental *raison d'être* of punishment is to protect the public; whether statistics show that the intention has failed to work in that direction has nothing to detract from it unless a better way is practically suggested.

That women have not agitated to extend capital punishment to perpetrators of outrages on women and children demonstrates the inutility of enfranchising women. While having faith in killing all brutal criminals, I would like it to be done humanely, possibly by drugs or unawares, to save them from moments of torture above human capacity to bear.

I am, etc.,

ESTHER DELAFORCE

Dvarrets, Horsham

SCAREMONGERS

SIR,—Your Editorial Note on Influenza and Doctor-blatherings is opportune. Already the columns of the popular Press are alarming. Day by day we are told that the plague is spreading throughout Europe like fire through an Australian bush. It needs only a very few doctor-journalists of the cheaper variety to convert anxiety into panic; and, when panic comes, there will be the devil and all to pay.

But why should there be any panic? Influenza is a nuisance. To Panel Doctors it is more than a nuisance: it is a scourge. But only because people, having read the popular papers, have got the wind up. They flock to us or, worse, send for us, and demand bottles of medicine and sick certificates. They seldom die of influenza. They would die even less frequently if only the scare-doctor-journalists would keep quiet.

The papers tell us that the death rate from influenza is this or that. They assure us that in one week it is doubled or trebled, or whatever it is. Rubbish! When influenza is about we doctors are too busy for accurate differential diagnosis. Every death from senile bronchitis is certified as due to influenza. Every pneumonia death is similarly certified. And, after all, what is influenza? Just an epidemic catarrh, which makes its victims feel like nothing on earth, but which seldom kills. Any fool, medical or otherwise, who refers to the 1918 epidemic in print, and suggests that we are in for a similar visitation, should be dealt with by the police. It is an offence to incite to riot: it should be doubly an offence to incite to panic. Yet there are doctors who seem only too keen to do it. They write about the horrible happenings of 1918, and bid us look out. What conceivable purpose do they think they serve? And on what scientific basis do they build? In 1918 Western Europe was underfed, worried, ripe for anything nasty. But today we are not underfed. We are not really worried—though we ought to be!

You, Sir, are right. It is scandalous that the public should be terrified—brought to the verge of panic—by men who ought to know better. The sooner those men are suppressed the better will it be for every one of us.

I am, etc.,

"A PANEL DOCTOR"

A. D. GODLEY

SIR,—While I thank you very much for your kind and appreciative review of 'Reliquiae: A. D. Godley,' may I point out a mistake? His translation of 'The Histories of Herodotus,' of which the successive four volumes appeared in 1920-21-22-24, ends with the 122nd

chapter of the ninth book (Loeb Series: Heinemann and Co.). The 'Oxford Classical Texts' edition of the original ends at the same chapter of the same book; nor do I possess, nor have I ever heard, of any continuation beyond that point. Perhaps it would have been better to have said, "Herodotus, alas, did not finish his 'Histories.'"

I am, etc.,
C. R. L. FLETCHER

Norham End, Oxford

SAFETY FOOT-PATHS FOR COUNTRY ROADS

SIR,—Shortly after reading A. W. R.'s letter in your issue of January 15 I came across the following in 'Round About a Great Estate' (published in 1880), by Richard Jefferies:

Waggons and carts were not so common as now, while the ways, when you once quitted the main road, were scarcely passable—even the main roads were often in such a state that foot-passengers could not get along, but left the road and followed a foot-path just inside the hedges. Such foot-paths ran beside the road for miles: here and there in country places a short section of such tracks may still be found.

There must surely be many roads in the country where this old custom (a foot-path just inside the hedge) might be revived—in sections at any rate—in the interest of pedestrians? As an alternative to a foot-path on the road, it would have the great advantage of entailing considerably less cost for upkeep, though in many cases there would be charges for "way-leaves" to be met, no doubt.

I am, etc.,
H. S.

THE DRINK PROBLEM

SIR,—If the statistics quoted by Mr. Thomas demonstrate any one thing more than another surely it is that the statistical test is a useless one. The conclusion to be drawn from the figures relating to Plymouth and Middlesbrough is that the question of drunkenness can be regulated according to the number of "on" licences to population: in other words, that having arrived at the correct number, drunkenness may be eliminated entirely.

May I submit my suggestion as to the practical way to promote real temperance: the elimination of the element of private profit in the sale of alcoholic liquors by the substitution of public ownership for private personal interest? It may be noted that there is a steady increase of acceptance of this method in many parts of the civilized world.

I am, etc.,
D. C. DERING

Nonneys, Oxshott

QUARRYING FOR ROADSTONE

SIR,—Whether local authorities should do their own quarrying for roadstone or not—apparently a vexed question at present—may be safely left to the judgment of any councillor or ratepayer who may read this signed statement, which I give in full, by Mr. G. H. Jack, County Surveyor of Herefordshire (in a technical paper, 'Municipal Engineering'):

Having done some quarrying, or it would be more correct to say attempted to do some, I can assure your readers that such procedure in my experience is both uneconomical and unwise. If the result, after taking account of all charges, was cheaper to the ratepayers, one could disregard the squeal of the quarry owners, but in my view stone so quarried is dearer, all things considered, and not only so, but the whole business is a bugbear to the official responsible. I recommended my Council to start quarrying. I set up breaking, tarring and haulage plant, and in twelve months I suggested the determination of the lease and the sale of the plant for what it would fetch. I cannot cite any fact which illustrates my views better than this.

Need more be said?

I am, etc.,
R. I. P.

P'S AND Q'S

SIR,—May I inquire the origin of the word "cop" as applied to a policeman so frequently in England and so universally in the United States. G.-H. P.

BEARDS

SIR,—Where does Mr. Lewis Sheldon gather that "the growth of the beard seems to date from very early Victorian days"? It is obvious that there has never been a century in England in which the beard did not openly appear. The least hairy periods in all our island story are, I take it, the Augustan and the early Georgian. Yet Sir Paul Plyant (a knight whose daughter is married to a peer) in 'The Plain Dealer' has "a great beard, like a Russian bear." So, I think, has Parson Adams. Nowhere in the literature of the day are beards mentioned with surprise or loathing: *ergo*, they must have been fairly common. Beards, Sir, were worn in the House of Commons centuries before Mr. George Frederick Muntz thought of the idea.

J. G. ALCOFRIBAS

JAMES GIBBS'S CHURCHES

SIR,—Mr. Bertram Jones may not know that James Gibbs finished the tower of St. Clement Danes. It is easy to see where Wren left off.

S. B. CAULFIELD

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS

SIR,—If the answer to my inquiry about the Letters of Junius is "in the negative," as I gather from your readers' silence, can anyone tell me whether this guess is a plausible one, viz., that the extremely forcible style of the theologian Francis Junius, who annotated the Revelation in the Geneva Bible, edition of 1611, led Sir Philip Francis to adopt the pseudonym of Junius. As an example of Francis Junius's style, his commentary on Rev. ix. 4 includes these words: "Gregory the 7, a most monstrous Necromancer . . . for this man being made altogether of impiety and wickedness, as a slave of the devil, whom he served, was the most wicked firebrand of the world," etc., etc. Small wonder that in Catholic countries the sale of Bibles with notes of this sort was discountenanced!

MAB RAM

"WHATEVER COMES FROM THE BRAIN"

SIR,—Mr. Clapham will find the passage in question in Holmes's 'Professor at the Breakfast Table,' about six pages from the end of chap. vi and some forty lines before the quotation from 'L'Allegro.'

A. J. MAAS

[Many Letters and P's and Q's are held over owing to lack of space.—ED. S.R.]

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—47

SET BY HUMBERT WOLFE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem in not more than 20 lines on "The Nightingale," in which there is no reference, direct or by implication, to mythology, the moon, trees or parts of trees, and from which the words "Philomel," "love," "passion," "night," "desire" and "memory" are excluded.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a letter from Elizabeth Darcy to her aunt, Mrs. Gardiner, describing in not more than 250 words the conduct of one Sairey Gamp, who had been engaged to nurse Lydia Wickham on the occasion of the birth of her first child.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 47A, or LITERARY 47B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on Monday, January 31, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 45

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an eight-line lyric in which Paris, addressing the three goddesses, justifies as tactfully as possible his award of the golden apple.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a rendering in the prose of Gibbon, in not more than 200 words, of the following incident:

Doctor Foster
Went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain:
He stepped in a puddle
Right up to his middle
And never went there again.

REPORT FROM MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG

45A. The task I have imposed upon Paris is a double one; he must show himself at the same time a witty arguer and a respectable poet, and the difficulty I have had in choosing between the six best of the numerous entries for this competition has lain in deciding which has most successfully combined the two. If wit had been the sole consideration the palm would certainly have gone to Percy Lee, whose Paris emerges from his quandary far more gracefully than any other. But Penelope's, while not quite equalling his in wit, certainly excels him in poetry. The dilemma is, I think, most fairly solved by dividing the first prize between the two of them.

For the second prize I recommend J. B., after some hesitation between him and Charles L. Burrows, who has written a very charming poem. G. M. Fowler, G. M. Graham, and Major Brawn (in his first poem) have my congratulations and regrets. Will Penelope and J. B. kindly send their addresses to the Editor?

FIRST PRIZE (1)

All-powerful Hera, since you own
All things, you have need on none;
And Athene's wisdom must
Confess that wishes gained are lost;
Then turn you both, and here agree
That this golden fruit shall be
For your poor sister Aphrodite,
Who has nothing save her beauty.

PENELOPE

FIRST PRIZE (2)

Dazzled by your celestial loveliness,
Ladies, I might defend my choice as "blind";
But I prefer quite frankly to express
The working of a sane judicial mind.
Granted the promises you kindly made
Controlled my judgment, then it must befall
My very choice should prove a tribute paid
To the transcendent beauty of you all.

PERCY LEE

SECOND PRIZE

Ye two that stand by the Lord of the thunder,
Icily bright, far away from men's ken,
What may we give you save worship and wonder,
Ye that outshine all the daughters of men?

Thou whose kind eye doth a poor lad embolden,
Laughing and blue as the blue of thy sea,
Take then the apple that, gold to the golden,
Humbly the shepherd must tender to thee.

J. B.

45B. I have been almost deafened by the oratory provoked by my selection of Gibbon as a victim, and much of it proved, when the general hubbub had died down in my mind, to be on a very respectable level. It is noticeable that, while several entries show a considerable appreciation of Gibbon's characteristic language and phraseology, very few succeed in catching that long, sonorous rhythm which is the very essence of his style. Zelidius has certainly caught it. "The jealousy of Heaven was swift to resent, and her cataracts were opened to rebuke, such blind and sinister obduracy," is Gibbon to the life and his version deserves first prize. Equally good is Dogberry's, "Inclination would suggest, and prudence confirm the avoidance of a similar discomfiture"; but unhappily he does not keep it up, and the second prize is won by Sedulous Ape. T. S. Boyd, Lester Ralph, Charles G. Box, Arbiter, and A. R. Watson all deserve honourable mention.

FIRST PRIZE

. . . Such is the humidity of the Western province. But prudence itself was now dethroned from the breast of the dignified and intrepid Foster. With futile iteration, the foreboding partner of his bed joined her entreaties to the tears of his innumerable offspring; the dismal presage of the skies was vainly cited; and the particular prognostication of the Astronomer Royal adduced. The rash cleric adhered to his enterprise, and set out forthwith to the cathedral city.

The jealousy of Heaven was swift to resent, and her cataracts were opened to rebuke, such blind and sinister obduracy. Hardly had Foster left the shelter of the city gate, before he stumbled in an aqueous cavity of the principal thoroughfare. Witnesses of tender years, but approved veracity, attested the immersion, to the midmost parts, of the once respectable divine. The frigid impact was odious and unforgettable; disordering the fancy of the philosopher no less than it impaired the lively vigour of the man. Not only did he obstinately refuse thereafter to enter the city of Gloster; he was observed to blench at the very name.*

ZELIDIUS

* The execrable Latinity of the ingenious Freudius has sufficiently disclosed the probable origin of this singular and lasting aversion. "Nunquam . . . etc."

SECOND PRIZE

There is a saying recorded of a witty and profound philosopher, that the shortest road is commonly the foulest; and the experience of the amiable and accomplished Doctor Foster, a physician well known in the West of England, might vindicate the justice of the maxim. The call of professional duty summoned him in a season of inclement weather to the city of Gloucester. The severity and duration of the rains gave him ample warning of the impending dangers, but the natural fortitude of his mind and the vigour and hardihood of his bodily condition induced him to attempt the perils of a direct but indifferent by-road. When within sight of his destination, his progress was arrested by an accumulation of rain water, which, grown to the dimension of a flood, threatened to put a stop to the prosecution of his journey. The waters rose to his waist; but his inflexible resolution, and his stoical sacrifice of personal cleanliness, brought about the fulfilment of his purpose. His resolve, never to revisit a city so precarious in its approach, was received by his friends with regret, by his patients with dismay, and by men of sense with the sympathy of comprehension.

SEDULOUS APE

BACK NUMBERS—VII

ONE of the earliest and greatest of the leader-writers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, Lord Salisbury, advised excited politicians, when he had forsaken journalism for politics, to discuss no international question without a preliminary consultation of a large map. When I find literary persons excited over some startling novelty, I, who have no such authority, feel disposed to recommend the study of large histories of literature. There have been so many meteoric writers! Ben Jonson, you remember, had his word to say of the tremendous Tamerlanes, whose utterances had suddenly come to seem empty noise; and Dryden had his caustic remark to make upon approaching George Chapman as a fallen star and finding him only a cold substance. And before and since there have been so many incredibly brilliant, innovating writers who did not wear well, metaphysical poets, spasmodics, and what not. They have astonished their age, and in the next aroused only a bleak perplexity.

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In the early 'nineties the sensation was Francis Thompson, gorgeous, excited, exuberant, a man of genius beyond question, but one who had made the astonishing mistake of supposing it possible to be at once Crashaw and Coventry Patmore, and incidentally himself. He had sent a small public crazy. I remember myself, a schoolboy travelling on the summer holidays, buying a copy of the *Bookman* and finding in it an article in which Mr. Garvin had hymned his praise in terms more ecstatic than had been used in criticism of a contemporary since Swinburne reviewed Rossetti in the *Fortnightly*. Mr. Garvin was only the most eloquent of a whole choir. (When people have done praising Mr. Garvin as a journalist I hope someone will testify adequately to his passionate and profound, if occasionally unbalanced, love of literature.) Thompson was acclaimed in many quarters as a supreme poet, our greatest certainly since Swinburne, perhaps since Shelley. But the SATURDAY REVIEW dissented.

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Even if I did not happen to know the authorship of the dissenting criticism, I should be able, anyone would be able, to put a signature to it. In Landor's fine phrase, "the name is graven on the workmanship": the insight, the delicate balance, the grace of style announce Mr. Arthur Symons. He is well aware that he is dealing with a man of genius; he recognizes the opulence of fancy, the brilliance, the audacity of this poet, and he sums up the largely imitative volume of 1895, 'Sister Songs,' as after all a book that no one else could have written, a book that no competent reader, with however many reservations, can fail to admire for what Thompson himself called "illuminate and volute redundancy." But he makes his reservations very clear.

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The expression of thought, he says justly, should fit the substance as a perfect suit follows closely and gracefully the body that informs it. "Mr. Francis Thompson is never content unless his thought is swathed in fold after fold of variegated drapery, cut after no recognized fashion and arranged on no consistent or indeed comprehensive plan." He objects to

much in Thompson's diction, and to his exterior heightening of expression. He protests that the volume as a whole, for all the brilliance of particular passages, leaves no definite impression on the mind, "only the memory of flooding words, splashing in coloured waves."

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It was elsewhere that Mr. Symons so wittily compared Thompson's to Trimalchio's feast, adding slyly that Thompson, however, could not boast *omnes domi nascuntur*. Well, let it pass that Thompson was a great borrower; so was Shakespeare, so was Milton, and if the obligations of Swinburne are of a different sort, they are even more numerous. The trouble with Thompson was that he had no thought for congruity. In the one poem, it may be, you will find Crashaw, Cowley, Patmore, Rossetti, Shelley crushed together, with brilliant effect, certainly, but without reconciliation. Rags and tatters remain rags and tatters, even though they be of silk and arranged with a splendid daring and by a genuinely excited artist.

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Then there is the diction. Thompson was not the only Latinate poet of the period. But whereas Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson used Latin with an exquisite discretion, he ran wild, in a kind of frenzied pedantry, though not without occasional triumphs. The week after the appearance of the review Mr. Symons wrote for us, a correspondent sent the SATURDAY a delightful version of Wordsworth in the Thompsonian manner:

By founts of Dove, ways incalable,
Did habitate
A virgin largely inamiable
And illaudate.

A violet by a muscose stone
Semi-occult,
Formose as astre when but one
Ostends its vult.

She lived incognite, few could know
When she cessated,
But O the difference when, lo,
She's tumulated.

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And for all that Francis Thompson remains a very wonderful, though not a great, poet. At times he has the grand manner as well as the gorgeous; among many cheap sublimities there is real sublimity; among glittering exteriorities there is occasionally the expression of a really profound passion for God, for the saints, for those who were saints to him here in the bewildered vagabondage of his life. I cannot see that in bulk his religious poems are worth the half of those of Christina Rossetti or of Verlaine, but more than these he can give us the sensation of looking on the divine throne, of breathing the celestial incense. It is a poetry of pomp, but pomp also is part of the service we owe to God. Christina Rossetti's approach to God is direct, infallible, full of eager reverence; Verlaine is a child promising God that he will be good; Thompson approaches circuitously, for all his haste, a dizzy thurifer, in splendid borrowed garb, but who shall say that his tribute is unacceptable? All those "fair and flagrant" things which he heaps up in unconscious defiance of Patmore, indeed in the belief that he was working as his master would have him work, do after all tell. His urgency does carry off a great deal that ought to be deleted.

STER.

REVIEWS TROLLOPPE

By EDWARD SHANKS

Trollope: a Commentary. By Michael Sadleir. Constable. 15s.

IT seems to-day more than a little absurd that any damage should ever have been done to Trollope's reputation by his honest, matter-of-fact and highly readable autobiography. The fact that it was so, that a generation was content to dismiss the author of 'Dr. Thorne' as an honest commercial dispenser of fiction for his own time, makes me, at least, tremble for all my own judgments. Can it really be that we are the people and that wisdom was born with us? For the stupidity of such a condemnation appears now so obvious that we cannot but wonder how it was ever made. The commercial adventures of a book and the financial dealings of its author may be (as Trollope found them) matters of very great interest but, once it is written and concretely presented to us, matters quite separable from it as a work of literature. To think that they can in any way detract from its merits is just as foolish as to think that its merits can be enhanced by them.

Moreover, when Trollope sturdily affirmed the right of the author to be paid for his work, to look after his own interests, and to be able to pay his way in the world, he took up an attitude which we no longer regard as incompatible with artistic integrity. There are, after all, kinds of art which we would not be without but which can hardly exist on any other basis. The lyric poet may in his fine frenzies live on crusts in a garret and leave to future generations the poems he has written on scraps of paper to satisfy himself. But if Trollope had been of this sort, he would have written different books: 'Orley Farm' and the 'Last Chronicle of Barsetshire' would never have been written, and by so much (not a little) our world would have been poorer.

The truth of these statements has now for some time been becoming as self-evident to us as it was to Trollope himself. There have been pronounced and judicious, as well as merely enthusiastic, Trollopian for a number of years. Mr. Edward Marsh has even dipped into the vast, unexplored sea of the critical emendation of Trollope's text—a formidable task with an author who cared so little for his work after he had written it. And now Mr. Sadleir has given him a book which takes up an excellent place between those earlier biographies designed to display the virtue of eminent Victorians and those later studies designed to display the wit of their authors.

He begins with a chapter that has at first sight a somewhat ominous appearance. It is called 'The Voice of an Epoch,' and it calls several witnesses, among them the American, Henry Adams, to testify to the characters of the epoch which Trollope illustrated. But this chapter, though it is not indeed very well related to the rest of the book and might, without serious damage, be spared from it, is the best approach to a serious study of Victorian history from the modern standpoint that I have yet seen and is well worth reading for itself alone. It promises, at any rate, a book the author of which is more concerned with a faithful picture of his subject than with the wittily decorative setting in which he may put his subject, and this promise is amply fulfilled.

It is possible to find faults with it here and there. Mr. Sadleir is once or twice rather portentous in his comments. Trollope foolishly repeats something which has happened at a "Cornhill" dinner to Edmund Yates, who makes a malicious use of it. Mr. Sadleir says:

The deed can be explained, though not excused. That he committed an error of judgment and of taste cannot be denied. Flushed with the wine of his own natural vanity (for to be invited to the "Cornhill" table was no trivial matter), he let his tongue wag and, as it proved, disastrously. On the other hand (and here appears the naïveté of inexperience), he did not realize the implications of such seemingly casual entertainments as the "Cornhill" dinners; he never conceived it possible that a man of his own kind could so cherish a personal jealousy as to sacrifice to it even the loyalties of friendly conversation and to betray in print the pleasant informalities of a dinner party in a private house.

One cannot resist a suspicion that here Mr. Sadleir is thinking himself into Victorianism, deliberately thinking himself out of an age in which it is considered chivalrous not to print invented incidents at private dinner parties and Quixotic not to print true ones. And when he looks round the whole field of literature to estimate his Anthony's place he seems oddly to forget Dickens: he almost implies that on the death of Thackeray Trollope became the first of leading novelists.

But these are small faults in a very delightful performance. Mr. Sadleir is fortunate enough to be able to express both sides of Trollope's nature as an artist, which was just what Trollope himself in his autobiography failed to do. His appreciation of his author's particular gifts and his disentanglement of them from his author's particular failings make one wish that he had devoted to his final section, called 'The Books,' a greater space than only forty pages. Time was when we knew 'Barchester Towers' and one or two more, and all the rest were jumbled together as featureless as sheep in a flock, save that some had titles more grotesque than those of the others. But Mr. Sadleir knows 'Is He Popenjoy?' from 'Dr. Wortle's School' and, what is more, makes his readers feel that these are books with individualities of their own and worthy of study. He names "three faultless books." Of these, I confess I have read only one, and the name of another was until now unknown to me. But that is a matter which can be and, under Mr. Sadleir's persuasion, soon shall be, put right.

But one could not wish even this section longer at the expense of a very delicately handled biographical narrative. Mr. Sadleir is in a position to understand very intimately the other, the purely practical side of Trollope's life. One smiles a little when he remarks that "Trollope's experience affords good evidence, alike of the harm that may be caused to an author by a period of over-payment, and of the importance to his continuing reputation of the imprint on his books." One smiles a little—but it is invulnerable common sense, of the sort that Trollope, though not in this particular matter, habitually displayed. And Mr. Sadleir shows common sense in other and wider ways than this. He knows how to leave the facts of Trollope's life to tell their own story when they can, and he knows the precise moment at which he should intrude as an interpreter. The best one can say of his book is that Trollopian will relish it not merely as a lively portrait of their hero but also as a portrait rather approximating to what he would have made of himself in a novel.

SHAKESPEARE AGAIN

The Lion and the Fox. By Wyndham Lewis. Grant Richards. 16s.

'THE master-subject of Shakespeare's plays has its origin in the Macchiavellian obsession of his time; or rather, that is the form the deeper conflict takes. The figure used by Macchiavelli to express this conflict is that of the lion and the fox.' On this theme of Shakespeare's reaction to the fashionable cult of:

Deepe, deepe observing, sound brain'd Macchiavell.

Mr. Lewis has written a large, meandering book which takes us up highways and by-ways of the Shakespeare country and becomes more interesting when it leaves the original point than when it pursues it. That Elizabethan wits were saturated with Renaissance notions is obvious; that they made a sinister myth out of a timid literary gentleman with a sharp eye is equally plain. Men like Marlowe would dramatize anything, and the realism of Macchiavelli was given a romantic lift on the surge of the mighty line. The conflict of simple, unadvised strength with purposeful cunning is natural to drama, and the Elizabethans, with Shakespeare at the head, could give it an Italianate twist. Mr. Lewis has filled out this idea with diligence, but the idea itself is hardly strong enough to support a large volume.

However, Mr. Lewis embroiders his theme, and he does so as a man who has come far enough under Shakespeare's fascination to reject the complacent English notion of William, the world's conqueror, as a smooth-spoken, decorous, Public School muscular Christian, who only wrote his tragedies in order to find sermons in slaughter and good in agony. The psycho-pathological discussion of Shakespeare can lead to no certainty, but the subject is better faced than smugly set aside. To Shakespeare the pessimist and railer Mr. Lewis brings an ear ready and acute, and his critique of 'Troilus and Cressida' is of more importance than his general and rather laborious researches into the lion-and-fox parable. Mr. Lewis never stops his ears with that Victorian politeness which used to assume a diplomatic deafness whenever Shakespeare became vociferous in an unsuburban way. This dreadful hero-worship has been deflated in recent years, but a few more stabs from Mr. Lewis will do it no harm. Before long we shall have reached a stage at which even the most Emersonian schoolma'am will be unable to pass off on her defenceless pupils a portrait of William as "quite the little gentleman." In achieving this highly desirable end Mr. Lewis co-operates with all realistic criticism of the school of Brandes and Harris in wishing to destroy the dummy Shakespeare of the school-room.

A VETERAN DON ON CAMBRIDGE

After Many Years. By W. E. Heitland. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

In his sub-title Dr. Heitland speaks of the impressions and experiences of an obscure life. This is a sign of the reserve belonging to the scholar, but the book is notable, interesting and well written throughout. The main theme is Cambridge, but the earlier part is full of engaging views of country life, when it still kept local industries now destroyed, and quaint, if casual, parsons. The writer looks at the Norfolk of his childhood with the eye of an historian who examines the causes of things. The family fortunes drooped as he grew up, and being badly taught, he missed chances of getting on two famous foundations. However, he went to Shrewsbury, was taught by Kennedy, and secured exhibitions to take him on with a scholarship to Cambridge, hampered by small means. He gives a striking account of the school, which tells us for the first time that part of its academic successes were due to boys sent from elsewhere to get Kennedy's teaching. He does not mention the fact that the Professorship of Latin at Cambridge was founded by Kennedy's former friends and pupils, when he left the school. That vigorous scholar had to be managed by his boys to get the best out of him. Later, as Greek Professor at Cambridge, he was said to have insisted on giving in one year three classical medals instead of the usual two, an anomaly never since repeated. At John's Dr. Heitland rose to be Senior

Classic in 1871, though he does not say so, and was a college tutor for many years. He takes up his story of Cambridge where Leslie Stephen left it, and follows the many changes he has seen in a sound narrative which covers both sport and the progress of University administration—neither, it must be confessed, well organized in the 'seventies. The survey strikes us as singularly broadminded and judicious, but, perhaps, over-careful to avoid offending. He does not mention the Master supposed to have secured his promotion by his own vote, though the name has been extant in Sir George Trevelyan's classic skit for two generations. Some other characters are rather obscurely identified, and we are tantalized more than once by a reference to stories he knows but will not tell. People of old days whose "quaint habits breed remark," in the words of a famous Cambridge poet, would suffer no injury, and, indeed, Dr. Heitland has told us precisely of the harmless and considerable amusement they might provide. Perhaps he has been shocked by the scandalous revelations of recent years, and feels the fine scorn of Tennyson :

Keep nothing sacred : 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.

The account of the untidy Shilleto shows his gift for revealing a character. The famous classical coach used to wander round the room in search of snuff, not finding the many boxes his admirers had given him, and would pour out exact references with astounding memory. He could not become Greek Professor, as though in holy orders he was not a possible Canon, and without a Canonry the chair was then worth a pittance—£40 a year, if we remember right. This instance will show how Cambridge needed reform. "Ben" Latham, Master of Trinity Hall, gets a deserved tribute for his influence. We learn that he made a fortune by shrewd investments, but nothing is said of two remarkable books he wrote. One of 1877, 'On the Action of Examinations,' might well be reprinted, and the other on the schooling of the disciples, 'Pastor Pastorum,' showed that he had thoughts beyond the creation of *savoir vivre* in his College. It may not, however, have appealed to the author, as he was one of those glad to take advantage of the relaxation of religious Tests.

If the survey is reserved about persons, everybody who has the prosperity of Cambridge at heart might well read it. The writer has no axe to grind, and shows the immense force of conservatism over the academic mind, the difficulty of settling the rival claims of College and University, and the trouble caused by dons unfit to control a meeting. Thus confident and pushing persons—not always wise or representative—get their way, as they do in trade union affairs. Tact in dealing with men and the power to use them will always count for more than a mass of learning. Often these gifts do not figure in a shining academic career. The inhuman quality belonging to mathematicians is well known. Men of science are, or were, sadly ignorant of English; and there is the question of clerical influence, and the best way to keep it in an age which has so broad a conception of what it is necessary to believe. Through it all Dr. Heitland maintains a fine spirit of toleration and understanding and ends as an optimist about Cambridge and the country.

An Appendix shows how good Reading Parties can be under proper management. But we want more from the writer of a lighter sort, an Index and—why not?—something about Roman scholarship and his own writings. It is odd, but we do not remember the mention of a single book, except those 'Sketches from Cambridge' which are taken as a starting-point. Dons increasingly immersed in University business talk much of over-work, but we hope it will be long before they regard the production of a book as a "giddy paragon."

ARCHITECTURE

The Substance of Architecture. By A. S. G. Butler. Constable. 12s.

Architectural Style. By A. Trystan Edwards. Faber and Gwyer. 10s. 6d.

An Outline History of Architecture of the British Isles. By P. L. Dickinson. Cape. 15s.

THE theory of architecture has proved to be a slippery ground for its explorers, from Ruskin down to Mr. Geoffrey Scott. Mr. Butler, the latest of them, is to be welcomed as a critic of considerable ability and one who is not violently biased for one or other of the sides of a mixed art. He does not, for all his circumspection, avoid every pitfall. "Art" is not limited to the pursuit of beauty, nor is beauty made more intelligible by being defined as "aesthetic value." "Significant" should be reserved for its proper meaning, and architecture is not an imitative art, as painting is, because it occasionally imitates itself by employing forms that are only apparently constructive. The idea, again, that a sense of "reciprocal movement round a focus" is involved in seeing architecture is not easy to reduce to less obscure terms. Here is Mr. Butler's example, taken from a dormer window in the Cluny Museum :

Firstly, the two angle buttresses seem to spring up at each side of one : it is impossible to feel them as lines going downwards. Secondly, the two covering lines of the solid tympanum over the window . . . conflict with the first sensation by heading steeply down from the apex, bursting through the rising lines of the angle buttresses and being checked with difficulty by the stone griffons. Thirdly, this downward and outward motion conflicts with the upward and inward rippling movement of the carved crockets, and fourthly, the strong line of the transome and the level bar joining the tops of the buttresses, with the members of the cresting trotting evenly along it, suggest a horizontal swing in conflict with the other three.

Now, to attribute an outward thrust to the coping of the tympanum is against the facts of its construction. Its weight acts, not as an arch would, but downwards, and the pinnacle forms each side of the window have no part to play as "buttresses" : if they had we should be bound to think of them too as pressing downwards, so as to abut the outward thrust with their weight. The structure is really a piece of carpentry reproduced in stone. When we turn from those considerations of structural forces to quite another thing, the imaginative play of the eye with the shapes, it is true that we do associate with them an upward movement, opposed to the action of gravitation. But this applies to the coping as well as to the pinnacle. The architect has given us a lead in the one case by the action of the crockets, in the other by the spiraling and sprouting that give the pinnacle something of the look of a budding hollyhock. There is no such "movement" imposed on the details of the "cresting" ; if they "trot" it is as much in one direction as another.

Examples on the other side of Mr. Butler at his best are the analysis of the skeleton of Bourges Cathedral, the plan and other features of Kedleston, and of that very delightful building, the Bourse at La Rochelle.

Mr. Trystan Edwards's new book is an expansion with multiplied illustrations of the chapter in 'The Things Which are Seen,' which set out a grammar of design under the heads Number, Punctuation, and Inflection. Every architectural student will be the better for making acquaintance with this very clear and cogent exposition of the fundamentals of his art.

Proportion and exactitude are the leading qualities called for in condensing the history of architecture in the British Isles within the boards of a moderate-sized volume. It shakes one's confidence in Mr. Dickinson's sense of the former to find that no less than five plates are given to the illustration of Mr. Guy Dawber's work, respectable as that is, but not one to

Inigo Jones's or Wren's. A great deal of space, moreover, is devoted to little blocks reproducing sketches of churches not bearing upon anything in the text. The text suffers from the same fault. Nor is the author's manner of writing friendly to exactitude. Here, for example, is a passage on the Greek Revival in the nineteenth century :

The Greek revival started some time before its effect was really felt. One of the prime causes that led up to it was the publication of *Athens*, a book of drawings of Greek architecture, by Stuart. This monumental work, still of great interest, was published about 1760. James Stuart had visited Greece in 1751 with his friend, H. Revell. . . .

How the effect of the revival could have been felt before it started is not clear, nor when the "some time" was. The book might surely be afforded its full title and exact date, and Stuart's associate, Nicholas Revett, will be looked for in vain under the form H. Revell.

THE INQUISITION

The Inquisition. From its Establishment to the Great Schism. By A. L. Maycock. With an Introduction by Father Ronald Knox. Constable. 12s. 6d.

THE volume before us is further evidence of the recent revival of interest in the Inquisition and is a useful introductory study. As Father Knox is at pains to point out in his introduction, the medieval Inquisition must be distinguished from that of the sixteenth century which swashbuckling novels have made familiar. The latter, however, was hardly a "revival," as Father Knox suggests. Rather, it was a new creation and was directed against doctrines which resembled a reformed Catholicism more than Protestantism, and it was employed to silence cardinals and archbishops, not obscure sectaries. In Spain it was the instrument which enabled the king to control the Church and defy the Pope, while the Roman Inquisition was chiefly used to stamp out heresy. Both in its Spanish and Roman form the Inquisition was a very different thing from its medieval namesake, which was so successful that it languished for want of employment in the fifteenth century.

The medieval Inquisition issued from the alliance of Church and State to exterminate those whose views were held to be a menace to society. There is little doubt where Mr. Maycock's sympathies lie. Though his book is plentifully spattered with conventional words of blame for the methods of the inquisitors he regrets that the State did not nip heresy in the bud before it spread with such alarming rapidity as it did, especially in the south of France, and he sums up his attitude to the Albigensian creed by saying that it was as reasonable as it could be and that it was one of the most virulent poisons that have ever entered the veins of society.

Some readers may find this difficult. The author's attitude to the cruelty of torture is not much easier to understand. On page 19 "nothing was further from the intentions of these men [the persecutors] than the deliberate infliction of pain," while on page 44 there is quoted with apparent approval M. Havet's suggestion that "the stake, more destructive than the gallows, more cruel, more theatrical, might have appeared more likely to awaken a salutary terror in the hearts of the condemned, who had the choice of abjuration or of punishment." The truth of the matter seems to be that Mr. Maycock's book, while containing useful and interesting material, skilfully utilized, has been written for the purpose of maintaining the truisms that the Albigenses and others were commonly regarded as enemies of society, and that the inquisitors had good intentions. This, apparently, is what the author means by "correcting

the old exaggerated notions" of the nature of the Holy Office. No doubt it is necessary to stress these points in an introductory book. What is disturbing is the suggestion the book conveys that the author's condemnation of the torture chamber is merely formal and conventional and that its use in the thirteenth century may have been justified. His concluding sentence is: "At the present time the Holy Office still performs, with wise and generous use of its authority, that same task of inquiry and supervision which in more turbulent times involved the employment of more vigorous and more terrible methods." The word "involved" seems to imply that Mr. Maycock gives a reluctant approval to the torture of heretics. It is not less disturbing to read earlier in the book that a fellow Catholic historian's exhortation "never to debase the moral currency" is regarded by the author as a "counsel of perfection."

The doctrines which roused the ire of good people in the Middle Ages and seem to persuade Mr. Maycock to a retrospective sanction of their merciless persecution are typified by those of the celebrated Peter Garsias, some of which are quoted in an appendix. They are as follows:

That Christ and the Blessed Virgin and Blessed John the Evangelist had descended from Heaven and were not of this flesh.

That St. John the Baptist was one of the greatest devils that ever lived.

That under no circumstances may justice condemn anyone to death.

That marriage was mere harlotry and that no one who had a wife could be saved.

That the preachers of the Crusades were murderers.

The explanation of Mr. Maycock's ambiguous attitude to the question whether it was right to persecute such men seems to be that such views, if universally acted upon, would have led to the death of society. Mr. Maycock thus denies the heretics the benefit of the consideration which Father Knox invokes in the Introduction on behalf of Catholics, that real human beings are illogical and are seldom as bad or as good as their beliefs. And Mr. Maycock would have a difficult question to face if asked whether he would favour torture as a method of preventing the present adult male population taking a vow of celibacy and entering the Catholic priesthood.

The study of the records of the medieval inquisition is calculated to lead to the famous view that history is no more than a vast monument of sin. The tragedy is that the crimes of the inquisitors, like most great crimes in history, were committed by pious, often kindly men, acting on the noblest principles, with the loftiest motives. We are glad of Father Knox's assurance that the danger of the revival of the methods of the inquisitors, should Catholicism come to preponderate in England, is not in his judgment very great.

SECRETS

Surrendered: Some Naval War Secrets. By "Griff" (A. S. G.). Published by the Author. 32s. 6d.

THERE is nothing sensational about this book, except the title. The author's war experiences as a naval officer do him credit; they were exciting, and sometimes amusing, and he describes them well. But they were in no sense exceptional; they did not take him behind the scenes; and if he really discovered any important naval secrets he has very properly refrained from giving them away. His sole indiscretion seems to have been a habit of trotting off to Lord Northcliffe with the latest bits of information about the slack way in which the Admiralty were pressing the blockade. For this, as he proudly says, he "might have been court-martialled." But the

emphasis is on the "might." In practice there was probably little danger.

Lord Northcliffe and Lord Kitchener were the author's war heroes, and one of the difficulties of the book is to understand how they can both have been infallible, as he suggests, when there was a distinct impression abroad among the ignorant public that the *Daily Mail* and Lord Kitchener did not always see exactly eye to eye. It is a curiously irrelevant book. Mixed up with the personal reminiscences, we get full and spirited accounts of the battles of Coronel and the Falklands, at neither of which the author was present; but not a word of Jutland, except by way of illustrating a story about a ship's pet—in point of fact, a dog. In the same way the story of Shackleton and his last voyage is suddenly interjected. On the other hand, the last chapter of all, describing the surrender and scuttling of the German Fleet at Scapa Flow (which one would have supposed, from the title, to have been the subject of the whole book) is very well done. The author saw this himself. He superintended the landing of the German officers, and describes Admiral von Reuter as being apparently "more or less mad." "He stared vacantly ahead, and walked as does a man in his sleep."

But personal reminiscences of the war are always worth reading, whatever the publishers may think, and though "Griff's" are obviously too short to have been made into a book, they form by far the brightest part of the present volume. His duties as officer commanding boarding parties that examined and, if necessary, detained neutral vessels entering the blockade zone, brought him into contact with some curious aspects of human nature. There is a delightful yarn of his adventures on an ancient wind-jammer, which he took into port, after having once definitely abandoned her, and once disguised himself when a German submarine appeared. On another occasion he was escorting some German prisoners through Scotland by motor-car, in mid-winter, and as food was short he disembarked and stalked and shot some red deer that he saw near the track. He was astonished to be told he had been poaching upon exhibiting his prize at the next shop.

All this makes good, breezy reading, and it is a pity that "Griff" has not given us more about himself and less about his "secrets." What that word really means to him is well shown by the fact that a section of one of his chapters is headed importantly "Secret Caves." These caves are at Chislehurst.

THE OUTER WARDS

K. A. R. Being an Unofficial Account of the Origins and Activities of the King's African Rifles. By W. Lloyd-Jones. With photographs and map. Arrowsmith. 18s.

Beyond Kyber Pass. With photographs. By Lowell Thomas. Hutchinson. 18s.

EAST AFRICA, though it stands for what is virtually half a continent, has never in later years made an appeal to popular imagination. Livingstone and Stanley seem to have exhausted it, though five and seventy years ago there was a temporary rerudescence owing to the serious but rather crack-brained idea of forming a new Lion in Uganda by planting there colonies of Russian and Rumanian Jews.

Yet the story of how peace and good order have been established under British rule in this vast territory is well worth telling. In this, an unofficial account of the King's African Rifles, it is told briefly in simple and straightforward language. The author has the gift of narrative. He stirs the imagination without the use of the purple patch, and he never lets go his grip on the mind of his reader.

The story begins with the agreement signed between Great Britain and Germany in 1890, and it ends with the elimination of Germany from Africa after the Great War. Events previous to 1890 are briefly reviewed. The pacification has been almost entirely a one-man show, in the sense that nowhere in the Empire has greater responsibility been continuously thrown on the individual. There has never been a mutiny in the sense of the Indian Mutiny, but mutinies of a sort have been frequent and many British lives lost.

"There is little doubt," writes Mr. Lloyd-Jones, "that in Africa *the man* counts, and once he has won the confidence of his men, he cannot be successfully followed by *a man*, however gifted." In illustration of this he mentions how, during a mutiny of Sudanese garrisons in Uganda, a distant line of posts held by some 500 Sudanese under the command of a single British officer, Lieutenant Dugmore of the Uganda Rifles, remained loyal and retrieved the situation owing to Mr. Dugmore's extraordinary influence over his men.

'K. A. R.' apart from being a history in brief of British dominance in East Africa, with its diverse problems of races, religions, tribes, customs and climates, is a book of adventures. Every boy in the middle teens will rejoice in it, more particularly should he contemplate a career in Asia or Africa.

Of a different character is 'Beyond Kyber Pass.' Mr. Lowell Thomas appears to be an American journalist who, with a friend possessing a camera, has been wandering in Central Asia, collecting impressionist snapshots. The photographs (123 in number) are better than the pen-sketches, which are inclined to give an erroneous idea of Pathan and Afghan. The fault probably lies in the fact that the author looks on these hardy and turbulent mountaineers entirely from the standpoint of his own civilization. A disappointing book.

PETER THE GREAT

A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. IV. Dent. 16s.

TWO-THIRDS of Professor Kluchevsky's fourth volume, which now appears after a long interval, are devoted to the life and work of Peter the Great, one of the worst, as he was one of the greatest, men who have ever ruled a kingdom. The novelty in his very full and detailed history is the leniency with which he treats Peter the man contrasted with his acutely critical attitude to Peter's statesmanship. That Peter had his own son tortured to death is "lamentable." On the other hand his statesmanship, Professor Kluchevsky thinks, has been exaggerated. This view is certainly a welcome contrast to that of Golikov in his thirty-toned hymn to the reformer. The thesis of the present volume is that the Petrine reforms were undertaken "involuntarily, automatically and un-aware," that they were necessitated by war, and that they were not so novel in conception as is often supposed. All this hardly detracts from Peter's greatness. Like the earlier Romanoffs he had discerned that the Baltic was the highway to the civilization of the west, and the argument of his reign was the struggle to displace Sweden from the Baltic dominion which she exercised from the time of Gustavus Adolphus to the defeat of Charles XII by Peter himself. The key to the mind of Peter the Great is his idealization or, strictly, his idolization of the State together with his belief that civilization is material, not moral. Dutch and German administration, French manners and English clothes were what western civilization meant to him. To get these, and to open the highway to the west, he displaced Sweden and intro-

duced Russia on to the European stage. He did not Europeanize Russia, but the system he set up was strong enough to last for seventy years under weaker successors, mostly women.

The significance of Peter the Great in Russian history appears in different perspective since 1917. The Bolshevik revolution was a revolt against Peter the Great and the western civilization he tried to introduce. The removal of the capital from Petrograd to Moscow is symbolical of this and the most profoundly significant of all their acts. Bearing this in mind, it may be said that no one will consult without profit this profound and subtle book.

The translator has not made it easy to read. Too many sentences are like the following :

Yet while this [Peter's political self-education] augmented Peter's moral sense as Tsar, until self-sacrifice became a permanent rule of his life, it never befell that that augmentation included a rule of suppression of personal addictions, nor did an early riddance of political affectation through early personal misfortunes ever enable Peter's blood wholly to slough the instinct of freewill which from the first had been the dominant element in Muscovite policy, and permit of his mentality grasping the logic of history, and the psychology of his people's life.

However, we must thank him for the following double gem :

And once, in being invited to act as "marshall" (toast-master) at a wedding banquet, he [Peter], after accurate and prompt fulfilment of his duties, hurled away his wand of office, stepped to a buffet, plunged all ten fingers into a dish of roast meat, and fell to with the same disregard for the usage of knives and forks as had filled the Princess at Koppenburg with astonishment. Hence subtlety of deportment was by no means one of his characteristics. In other words, he was lacking in good manners.

We quite agree.

THE DOWSER

The Divining Rod. By Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., and Theodore Besterman. Methuen. 18s.

DOWSING is still too often dismissed as if it were on a par with the wildest forms of spiritualism. But there is this essential difference : however dubious the means may appear, the end served by water-divining is purely utilitarian, and being questions of fact the results can in every case be estimated. Only a striking record of successes can keep it flourishing, for prejudice is strong against it and it has no weapon of defence except results. Moreover its patrons come not from the most but from the least superstitious sections of the community. At any rate brewers, local authorities, landowners and contractors are not, so far as we know, particularly steeped in superstition, yet these are now the principal clients of the water-diviner.

The vast array of facts sifted in this book shows the faculty to be much more widespread than most people would guess ; it is evidently latent in a great many who not only know nothing about it but would refuse to believe in such powers. The late Sir William Barrett, who was mainly responsible for gathering the material, and wrote in the process between six and seven thousand letters, directed or inspired a large number of experiments, now recorded in detail. Dowsers have been tested in every possible way against engineers, geologists and one another, and they have come out extraordinarily well, although, as the authors observe, "the subject at first dispirits and repels the investigator because of the quantity of rubbish that overlays it and the credulity and ignorance that surround it."

Though packed with evidence the book is perfectly readable. It is the result of almost a lifetime's careful work. The conclusions reached are especially interesting on account of the connexion between dowsing and a vague mass of phenomena much harder to

put to a practical test. A fairly simple example is the undoubted "homing" faculty of animals and birds. The system of marking birds with numbered rings is fast accumulating records of migrants which never winter in Europe returning to their exact nesting-place in Britain, Hungary, and elsewhere year after year from tremendous distances. They do not invariably return to the same spot, but the practice is undoubtedly common, and seems impossible to explain without some such theory of cryptesthesia, or unconscious perception, as Sir William Barrett and Mr. Besterman put forward. They claim "that dowsing is a purely psychological problem, that all its phenomena find their origin in the dowser's mind, that no physical theory can bear close consideration, and that the movements of the rod and of the dowser have no more direct relation to the discovery of, say, water than as giving physical and vision expression to a mental and abstract cognition." The case they make out for this interpretation is a fairly convincing one, although its acceptance will logically involve going a great deal further still. In fact it involves a sixth sense, actuated not by the will but by suggestion.

GHOSTS AT DONCASTER

The History of the St. Leger Stakes. By J. S. Fletcher. Hutchinson. 21s.

AS Mr. Fletcher remarks, every race-course in England is peopled with ghosts, and the Town Moor at Doncaster, where the St. Leger Stakes have been run every year since 1778, should be as well-populated as any. Reckless spendthrifts like the magnificent Colonel Mellish, or Lord Hastings, who died a broken man at 27; noble owners like handsome Lord George Bentinck, or Lord Falmouth, who never in his life made a bet, except on one occasion when he wagered sixpence; jockeys, trainers and horses, Isinglass, Ladas, Persimmon—it is indeed a fine array of distinguished spectres that Mr. Fletcher is able to marshal before us on the historic race-course.

Nor does he find any lack of incidents to narrate. In 1778, the first year that the race was run on the Town Moor (it was actually founded in 1776), some unknown blackguards got into the stable of the favourite, Magog, doped the poor grey and nearly cut out his tongue. Some of the horses' water was poisoned in 1808; but on this occasion the perpetrator was discovered, tried and subsequently hanged at Cambridge—a "savage sentence," no doubt, but one which it is difficult to regret. There were dead heats in 1839 and 1850, with much consequent excitement; for Yorkshiremen dearly love a race, and they had indeed been holding horse-races on Doncaster Moor as far back as 1615, when the town council voted it a nuisance. The Colonel St. Leger who founded this particular "classic" never succeeded in winning it, nor did any member of his family. But most of the famous owners count the St. Leger among their wins.

And all this background is well set out for us by Mr. Fletcher, who has fully succeeded in his object of making his book as interesting to the general reader as to the serious student of racing. Yet the real meat of his book, and the best reading, after all, is in the bare record of each race—the list of horses, their owners and their colours; the cold note of the betting, which hides so many dramas; the plain account of how this or that outsider led the field, only to drop out beaten, how the favourite showed in front, and then at the last moment was challenged, how Eloement "came through with a rattle," but all to no purpose, "for Diamond Jubilee, with ears pricked, strode home a length-and-a-half winner." That is where we recapture some of the excitement, and the explanation, of it all.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PRINCES

My Fifty Years. By H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece. Hutchinson. 21s.

IT is not mere snobbishness that makes the man in the street keenly interested in the psychology of kings. It is a perfectly sound artistic instinct. For not only do kings look upon the world, and upon themselves, from a point of view that no one else can fully share, and that we are all correspondingly curious about; but the glamour of mystery is added to them by the fact that they can seldom indulge in the luxury of laying bare their inmost thoughts. "My words are my own, my deeds are my Ministers," said the witty Charles II; but he was one of the few kings whose private conversation has been reasonably well reported. Prince Nicholas of Greece once found his father, King George, in the act of burning a personal diary that he had kept for many years. On being remonstrated with for destroying "an important historical document," he replied simply that "it might compromise other people." In all probability he was right; for King George, as his son well says of him, was "more than a king—he was a gentleman."

But there is nothing to prevent ex-kings, or members of ex-Royal Families, from giving us at any rate a part of their minds; and in the case of the Greek exiles it would be too much to expect that any feeling of gratitude towards the nation which has rejected them should restrain them from indulging in the unwonted luxury of a little free speech. "Royal Families," says Prince Nicholas, in one of the few indignant outbursts that he allows himself in this book, "are just human beings"; their "blue blood is as red as anyone else's, their tears as bitter." To be born a prince is "an accident, but not always a privilege, and by no means a career." You are liable, he points out, to instant dismissal at any moment, with the loss of your private fortune, and perhaps your life. And that, after a long and strenuous education that has fitted you for no other walk of life.

Prince Nicholas and his brothers, when they were young, rose every morning, winter and summer, at six and did two hours' work before breakfast. They were then bullied for the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon by a Prussian tutor with a heavy hand and a strong sense of duty. Their food, both at luncheon and at dinner, was invariably either beef-steak and spinach or chicken and potatoes. It never changed. They always had to work hard, and generally found themselves on duty at the precise moment when the rest of the world was on holiday. Of course there were vacations—pleasant family visits to Denmark, Paris and London, of which the author has some amusing recollections. He and his brother Constantine always quarrelled over "that irritating game," croquet, and Prince Nicholas once got into serious trouble for hitting the future king over the head with a mallet. Coming to London, as a young man, King Edward was extremely kind to him, but insisted, characteristically, upon getting in his own tailor to fit him out before sending him off to see the sights.

One would not have thought that self-effacement was one of Prince Nicholas's weaknesses. The Venetians, indeed, used to accuse him of being King Constantine's "evil genius." On Near Eastern politics, of course, he writes frankly as a partisan, and says very much what we might have expected him to say. The interest of his book—and it is very interesting and very readable—lies in his frank account of the private life of a Royal Family and his illuminating little anecdotes about other Kings, Emperors and Princes whom he has met and known as only a member of their own circle can know them. Has he, one wonders, ever read 'The King's Mirror'? It would almost certainly amuse him.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Jew Süss. By Lion Fenchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Secker. 10s.

Pablo de Segovia. By Quevedo Villegas. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Entertainment. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

'JEW SÜSS' is a vast historical romance. The setting is eighteenth-century Germany; the material is sufficiently suggested by the headings of the five sections into which (in lieu of chapters) the book is somewhat arbitrarily divided: The Princes, The People, The Jews, The Duke, The Others. Scores of characters are introduced personally; hundreds of historical figures are mentioned by name. This immense mass of material is presented kinema-fashion, group succeeding group in a series of glimpses at once detailed and panoramic. This method lacks the sense of sequence and of growth; it lacks depth; but it enables the author to cover his enormous field without confusion, and brings the reader continually up-to-date. Reading takes time, and reading 'Jew Süss' takes a great deal of time; and yet, thanks to the author's skilful arrangement, his masterly scene-shifting, we accomplish the feat of being mentally in ten different places at once. We triumph over time and space.

So much for Fenchtwanger's material and his method of handling it. Mechanically or unintelligently used it would still be effective; the vivid juxtaposition and contrast of groups and masses could not fail to impress the imagination, though they might tire it. Sometimes they do tire it. Fenchtwanger has an insatiable appetite for detail; there are few walking-on parts; nearly every generalization is illustrated by examples:

The penniless Friedrich Christoph Koppenhöfer could not be helped to a professorship in Tübingen even by the warm recommendation of Billinger; and the famous Swabian physicist had to win respect and honour for himself in St. Petersburg among the hyperbores. Instead, adroit men of business from all corners of the world sat in the Ducal bureaux.

Such erudite passages abound; and the flagging mind, fastening more feebly on to each, wishes that the author's command of his period had been less thorough, or that he had sought fewer opportunities of demonstrating it. Historical colour is one thing; the historical spectrum, with its bewildering multiplicity of shades, is another. And yet so great is Fenchtwanger's mental vigour, so keen his pictorial sense, so unfailing his power of extracting artistic effects, nearly always different ones, from isolated scenes, that we are only seldom aware of fatigue. Each little section works up to a climax, a laugh, a sigh, a shudder, a tiny *dénouement*, often a mere matter of mood, but caught and rendered with exquisite delicacy. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Muir's translation, which is as good as it could possibly be, as varied in vocabulary as it is happy in idiom, we are pleasantly assured, arrested by this or that nicety of phrase, that we are missing nothing of the author's intention. He has indeed been lucky in his interpreters.

'Jew Süss' is not a great book because, in spite of its grasp, vitality and power, it is ultimately static; nothing underlies it, no conviction, no guiding principle, nothing emerges on the last page that was not evident upon the first. We are shown how Süss, the Jew, raised himself by his own talents above the disabilities under which his race laboured; we are

shown very convincingly what those disabilities were. We know that besides the reality he liked the appearance of power, in this respect differing from Isaac Landauer, a Jewish financier of the old school, who went about unnoticed, shabby and dirty, and yet moved thrones. We know that he collected jewels and had countless amours; all the women of Swabia at this epoch seem to have been actual or potential mistresses. We see him attach himself to the Duke, Karl Alexander, get himself made confidential adviser, then Minister of Finance and the power behind the throne. Brilliant, good-looking and unscrupulous, he knew how to make himself indispensable to the jovial lascivious monarch who had distinguished himself at Belgrade, but never since. Then comes the climax of the story. Karl Alexander discovers Süss's daughter in her retreat, makes violent advances to her, and frightens the poor girl into falling off the roof. She dies. Süss, who had never shown her much affection, who was a libertine himself, and in no way censorious of his master's other rapes, attempted or achieved, is violently put out, and resolves to be revenged. So he betrays to the Parliament the plans of the Duke's Catholic Plot, and the poor monarch, confronted on the verge of an amorous adventure by a deputation of sad-faced men, is stricken with apoplexy and dies; but not before Süss, in the manner of Elizabethan tragedy though without its force, had taunted the gasping, gurgling Alexander with his crimes and follies and revealed himself, Süss, as the author of his undoing. This scene, it must be admitted, carries very little weight; it has a certain power, but it is astonishingly crude and theatrical. It is like a street-urchin crying "Yah!" and running away.

In an age of universal moral laxity, Süss's determination to avenge his daughter seems irrational, a caprice. When he is to suffer death on a trumped-up charge, the author grows very pitiful towards him, and seeks to engage our sympathy. In vain: the machinery of the execution interests us more than do Süss's sufferings. The theme of the book is inadequate to support the weight of its material. But it is worth reading for its material alone.

'Pablo de Segovia' is a chapter in the history of a rogue, written by the Spanish humorist Francisco de Quevedo Villegas some time before the year 1604.

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In his introduction Mr. Watts gives a brilliant survey of the Golden Age of Spanish letters, likening Quevedo Villegas to Swift. There is much justice in the comparison, although, as Mr. Watts points out, Swift's preoccupation with the unsavoury finds a fainter reflection in the Spaniard. But all the same it is there, as 'Pablo de Segovia' shows, if in a more genial, sun-sweetened form. Pablo is a scoundrel; his father is hanged, his mother sent to a reformatory. Like the heroes of all picaresque novels he takes to the road; to be cheated for the first half of his travels, and to cheat for the second. On the way he falls in with many strange characters, impostors, poets, madmen, hungry courtiers. The humour consists mainly in exaggeration; it thrives on peculiarities of personal appearance, deficiencies of clothing, fleas, lice, etc. Pablo accompanies a nobleman's son to a boarding-school, where the master was a renowned screw:

His eyes were sunk into his head, as if he had looked through a fruit bottle; or the deep windows in a linen-draper's shop; his nose turning up and somewhat flat, for the bridge was almost carried away with an inundation of a cold rheum, for he never had the disease, because it costs money; his beard had lost its colour for fear of his mouth, which, being so near, seemed to threaten to eat it for mere hunger; his teeth had many of them forsaken him for want of employment, or else were banished for being idle livers . . . his bed was on the floor, and he always lay on one side of it for fear of wearing out the sheets. . . .

The world he describes is the world of Hogarth or Rowlandson, very ugly, but entertaining to those whose stomachs are not turned by it. Mr. Watts's translation is altogether admirable.

Miss Delafield is a good hater if not a great lover, and nowhere does she show her capacity for disliking her creations to better advantage than in her new volume of short stories. It would be difficult to find a more odious quartette than the chorus-girls and their business-men cavaliers who form the subject, or perhaps one should say the object, of the title-story. Children, seaside holidays, registry-offices, Miss Delafield extracts from each the last drop of bitterness. How amusing she is; on her own ground, the domestic hearth and its upkeep, unequalled; and in this collection nearly all her themes suit her.

OTHER NOVELS

Madame Storey. By Hulbert Footner. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Admirers of Mr. Hulbert Footner's story 'The Underdogs' may be a little disappointed in 'Madame Storey.' The earlier book had, besides a sufficiently entralling detective-interest, an admirable account of the peculiarities of administration in American prisons. The cut-throats with whom it dealt were life-like, convincing rascals, interesting for themselves as well as for their crimes. 'Underdogs' was a book with a new flavour. 'Madame Storey' is more commonplace. Jack Rowcliffe, for instance, in 'The Scrap of Lace' (the best of the three tales here included) is described as "the premier young man about town": a terrible thought and misleading also, as he turns out to be quite a nice fellow, whose only fault lay in preferring a penniless secretary to the heiress of a hundred millions. Again, at dinner in the stricken pseudo-Elizabethan mansion Mr. Footner observes "though that poor girl's body was still lying somewhere upstairs, everybody dressed as a matter of course." We cannot see why this ordinary action should be interpreted as a slur on the corpse. But in spite of these lapses, 'The Scrap of Lace' holds one's interest; and the means by which Madame Storey detects, or rather confirms her impression of, the criminal's identity are worthy of Morgiana herself.

In making crime into a pastime Mr. Footner does not abate an atom of its horror; the atmosphere throughout is pleasantly deadly.

The Missing Piece. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Considered as a narrative, 'The Missing Piece' has its moments. Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny knows how to keep excitement simmering if not boiling. When Miss Gaythorn penetrates into Strange-ways Barn and hears the step on the stairs; when, sleepless, she leans out of the window and hears a heavy object fall into the sinister pool—on those occasions we had an authentic thrill. But to the more austere and exacting detective-story reader the book will be less satisfactory. There are so few respectable clues that guessing seems a waste of time; the story is written up to the final chapter in which several unsuspected gods descend surprisingly from their cars. Also, Mrs. de Crespigny does without a detective altogether, unless indeed, the crude, rude, stupid official from Scotland Yard with his invariable "Quite so" can be called one. Miss Gaythorn, the narrator, is by confession prosy and given to digression; but we think Mrs. de Crespigny would have done well not to give us quite so many instances of her heroine's besetting fault. It is a postulate in detective stories that neighbours, *qua* neighbours, are suspicious characters, but Mrs. de Crespigny should nevertheless have made their latent criminality a little more convincing. Apart from these blemishes, 'The Missing Piece' is a readable, entertaining story.

Mary Was Love. By Guy Fletcher. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The hero of this novel, David Mellor, is a young man of the middle classes who becomes a shop assistant in a drapery store. He falls deeply in love with Mary the girl cashier. They spend their days off in the country and, we are told, "the deep blue over-head intoxicated one in the youth of his years. Nineteen; capable of anything . . ." this we are quite ready to believe long before we get to the end of the book. "He had won her [Mary's] heart, he who holding his breath"—apparently this is an essential part of the business—"should have gone down on his knees as she passed by." However, Mary dies and David loses what little sanity his author originally allowed him. He weeps incessantly; when his friends give themselves over to merry-making he sits in the room next door "reading 'To Mary in Heaven,' the tears streaming down his cheeks." He soliloquizes; he adopts a mouse; and his slough of despond is bottomless. The reader need not, however, lose heart. The young woman who succeeds Mary as cashier in the store insists upon his falling in love with her, whereupon he discovers that what he is in need of is not Mary but love. "The dog barked—he didn't hear it; the sun rose—he didn't know it. He only knew that he had found Mary. For Mary was Love."

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THE CONNOISSEUR

THE WINE OF HOSPITALITY

HERE are wine-lovers who regard any interference with the natural fermentation of grape juice as a breach of divine law, and who look askance on almost any fortified wine. The most rigid purist, however, is wont to make an exception in favour of sherry, seeing that, though it is a fortified wine, it is allowed to ferment out before any spirit is added to it. Sherry, when it is good, is the most homogeneous of all blended and fortified wines: indeed, in many cases one would almost swear that its simple perfection could never have been attained by the mixing of wines of different years and by a discreet addition of brandy.

* * *

The excellence of sherry, however, does depend on the blender's art, and its quality is therefore conditioned by the stocks of wine which the shipper holds in reserve. The trade has passed through a crisis. Phylloxera ravaged the vineyards so that virtually no old vines remain in the Jerez district, and their place has been taken by grafts on American stocks. Conditions have entirely changed. Formerly the shipper did not himself keep stocks of wine in reserve. They were held by the *almacenista*, who had always great stocks of wine on hand, and who would match for the shipper any sample of any particular wine which he was accustomed to export. Now the *almacenista* has disappeared and the shippers have had to build up stocks for themselves, purchasing old wines wherever they could find them.

* * *

For the presence of a very ancient wine in a sherry, even in small quantities, has an amazing effect upon its excellence. Tasting this precious liquid unblended in one of the Bodegas of Jerez is an interesting experience. Time has produced a wonderful concentration of the qualities of the grape, but generally speaking these very old wines kept in the wood for eighty or one hundred years are not very palatable except in combination. They leave on the palate an impression of salt and steel and their finish is excessively dry. But to the blender they are beyond price.

* * *

A praiseworthy attempt is being made to restore sherry to its former popularity, and its success must largely depend on the maintenance of reserves of the finest quality. Light sherry well iced will replace the cocktail for every true wine-lover; nothing cleans the palate more effectively, and its nutty flavour is the pleasantest of preludes to the enjoyment of other wines. In these days of perpetual smoking it is not the least of sherry's virtues that its delicacy and aroma can defy the pungency of our Lady Nicotine. It is essentially the wine of hospitality since it preserves its excellence in the decanter, and before long we may again see in every household the decanter of sherry ready to welcome the unexpected visitor.

* * *

I hope on a future occasion to discuss more fully the richer old-fashioned sherries which owe their distinctive velvety softness to the Pedro Ximenes grape.

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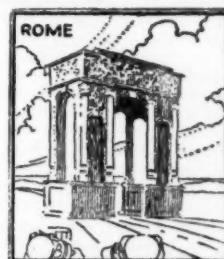
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Their popularity is certainly increasing, and the sherry shippers claim with justified pride that they contain no sugar but grape sugar. Even in France cane-sugar is used in many wines, but at Jerez, as at Oporto, the only sweetening permitted is the addition of a sweeter wine in the course of blending.

It is unfortunate that wines of the Manzanilla type do not, as a rule, reach this country unfortified with that marvellous freshness and flower-like bouquet which they possess in their home. A wine-merchant friend, however, proved to me the other day that it was possible to obtain here a Manzanilla virtually unfortified and wonderfully fresh and fragrant.

*
* *

The future of sherry, as indeed that of all other wines, must largely depend on the quality and quantity of the coming vintages. There is a general wine shortage, prices are rising and wine lovers can only hope that the bumper year which is due, combining quality and quantity, may turn out to be 1927.

H. WARNER ALLEN

SHORTER NOTICES

Anglo-Irish Literature. By Hugh Alexander Law. With a Foreword by A. E. Longmans. 6s.

A WRITER, it seems to us, is less likely to disarm than to prejudice reviewers by a disclaimer upon page 1 of both originality and learning, and by a plea of laziness, and an assertion that it would have made his book "even worse than it is," as reasons for making no attempt at criticism of any kind. We begin to wonder what the author's qualifications can be, and that questioning attitude is not always dispelled by the work itself. In the present case we are prepared to agree that the book probably is the better for "the treatment of many writers being rather political than literary," for Mr. Law's view of literature is amiable rather than serious. He likes poets who say "simple things with simple art," and asks of them "whole-some laughter, with no evil taste in the mouth to follow." Which is very nice, but not in the least to the point. However, as "a short but serviceable guide-book to Anglo-Irish literature" from the days of Molyneux and Swift to those of Shaw and Yeats, the volume may be useful to those seeking a readable if somewhat gossiping outline of facts rather than significance. But it might be suggested to both Mr. Law and many others that in works of this type, when criticism is eschewed, laziness might equally be cast out and industry applied if only to purely biographical and bibliographical aspects.

Canadian Folk Songs (Old and New). Selected and Translated by J. Murray Gibbon. Harmonizations by Geoffrey O'Hara and Oscar O'Brien. Dent. 6s.

THERE are thirty songs in this collection. Their peculiar charm lies in constant repetition with slight variation, accompanied by a simple melody which has been especially simplified. The tunes are given, as well as French and English versions of the words. Mr. Murray Gibbon's purpose is to break down the barrier of the spoken language between the French and English races in Canada. He hopes to do it by these folk songs and always keeps in view that gatherings of French and English people might wish to sing these songs together, each using their own language. Therefore he tells us he has aimed at versions in which the English and French words do not orally clash.

The late Mr. Cecil Sharp demonstrated how innate and widespread is the love of folk song and folk dance. Here is another effort to turn this affection to a good purpose. Nothing more thorough and to the point could have been devised than this volume. Some of these songs go back to old French *chansons*, others indicate the early backwood days with a mock

Indian refrain. All of them are quaint, and most seem to reproduce the very spirit of mountain, forest and river.

To America in Thirty-nine Days. By Joseph Biggs. The Village Press, Idbury, Kingham, Oxon. 3s. 6d.

THIS is a curiously fascinating little book. It is the diary of a Mr. Joseph Biggs, of Leicester and London, whom business took to New York in 1837. He sailed by the packet ship *Independence*, for ninety years ago no steamship had yet crossed the Atlantic.

It is not the voyage that holds the attention but the writer's singularly shrewd and acute observations of the United States and its peoples. He is sincerity itself; witness this passage: "I dislike the country, I dislike the people, their morals and their manners, but were I a poor English labourer I would emigrate to America to-morrow." Again: "There is no ignorance in America. Every American has been educated, the schools are the property of all and accessible to all; all can read and write at the least. Everybody can converse well upon the laws and institutions of his country (I mean every native American can do so)." This was in 1837, the year Queen Victoria came to the throne. The continuity of certain habits is remarkable. Even then militia titles were very common all over the Union. "You are always hearing people addressed as Captain, Major, etc." There is no direct reference to cocktails, but Mr. Biggs noticed that people eat in a hurried way and quickly rise from the table, "not to go to business, as I at first supposed, but to adjourn to a magnificent bar-room, there to drink spirits, chew tobacco, etc."

The writer is loud in praise of American railways and American steamships. Of the former he says, "In a few years you will be able to pass from the Gulf of Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico, from icebergs to orange groves in five days." He also shrewdly observes that "speculation revels chiefly in land."

Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind. By Donald Ogden Stewart. Brentano's. 7s. 6d.

AUNT POLLY and Uncle Frederick are wealthy and patriotic Americans, proud parents of a perfect son who "had been instructed carefully in the proper attitude towards holy things." But Susan's three children, alas!—Aunt Polly "loved Susan because Susan was her sister," although not at all well off—had "irreverent minds and characters." "And so, in order that the children might come to appreciate the wonderful world in which they lived and therefore become truly reverent and respectful to their elders who had created this wonderful world for them, she began to tell the children the true, wonderful story of the progress of mankind"—from jelly-fish to Uncle Frederick! The opportunities for satire afforded by such a subject set forth in such a style from such a point of view are obviously innumerable, and Mr. Stewart, already the author of 'A Parody Outline of History,' misses few of them. Unfortunately we get less and less of the history as the book progresses, and more and more of the children, who are not so amusing. Like too many American satirists, Mr. Stewart cannot become serious without also becoming sentimental. But it would be foolish to be critical about a book of this kind. Either one laughs, or one does not. We laughed frequently, though with occasional intervals.

The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog. By Florence Ayscough. Illustrated with writing-brush sketches by Lucille Douglas. Cape. 6s.

MRS. AYSCOUGH has fallen between two stools. This story, purporting to be told by her little Lo-sze dog, Yo-Fei, is at one moment facetious and at another informative in the worst manner of a travel handbook. It is therefore unlikely to please either the dog-lover, who can swallow any amount of nonsense about a dog, or the more serious reader anxious for descriptions of China. Yo-Fei emerges as a wise, affectionate creature, thriving upon adulation and possessed of a fund of complacency. Such pearls of wisdom as: "Missus knows that to have perfectly obedient dog she must never ask him to do anything he does not want to," drop from his mouth. He is less tolerable when discoursing upon the history of his country or describing its beauties. Mrs. Ayscough is, however, so familiar with China and the Chinese that inevitably she presents a vivid picture of local customs and everyday life. Her illustrator is thoroughly in sympathy with her, and many of the illustrations are excellent. A Lo-sze dog, it may be added, appears to be a cross between a pug and a pekingese; but the illustrations give him the appearance of a King Charles spaniel.

11 H.P. and
12/28 H.P.

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LITERARY NOTES

THE Unpublished Letters of Charles Dickens to Mark Lemon is announced by Messrs. Halton and Truscott Smith. The correspondence of Dickens, published in 1880-82, contained only ten letters to Lemon; we are now to have some eighty, dealing very largely with the theatrical interests they shared. The volume, of which only 525 copies are being produced, is edited by Mr. Walter Dexter.

The Argonaut Press announces Sir John Chardin's *Travels in Persia*, with an Introduction by Sir Percy Sykes, an eminent authority on that country.

Admiral Mark Kerr's *Land, Sea and Air*, a volume of reminiscences, is to be published by Messrs. Longman, who are also issuing the seventh and eighth volumes of *English Local Government*, by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb.

Mr. Murray's announcements include *Light and Shade in Bygone India*, a picture of men and things in that country at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Two important forthcoming volumes of verse are *Poems* by Princess Antoine Bibesco, due in February, and *Requiem*, by Mr. Humbert Wolfe. Both will be published by Messrs. Benn.

Anton Tchekov, to be issued shortly by Messrs. Routledge, is a volume of reminiscences, literary and theatrical, with some unpublished stories and sketches. The same publishers are adding to their Masters of Music series *Mozart*, by Mr. Dyneley Hussey, whose criticism is familiar to our readers. A further musical publication from this firm will be Mr. Jeffry Pulver's *Biographical History of Old English Music*.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, who can produce anthologies of rare excellence quite casually, has taken advantage of his recent illness to compile *The Joy of Life*, which Messrs. Methuen announce.

Count Reischach's book of memories, *Under Three Emperors*, which Messrs. Constable are publishing, is notable for its defence of the Empress Victoria and for the light it throws on the relations between King Edward VII and the Kaiser.

Mr. Martin Secker announces *Alfred the Great*, by Mr. Allan Monkhouse, *England Over*, described as an original treatment of cricket, by Mr. Dudley Carew, and *Studies in the Contemporary Theatre*, by Mr. John Palmer, an old Saturday Reviewer.

On January 27 Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing *Bernard Quesnay*, by M. André Maurois, a novel embodying a study of life in a French provincial town after the war.



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SHERRIES

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE ENGLISH BALLAD. Benn, 6s., has a long introductory essay by Mr. Robert Graves, followed by an anthology, which, however, excludes one of the greatest and best generally appreciated of ballads, "The broom blows bonnie and says it is fair." The specimens of very modern ballad are interesting.—THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. Constable, 7s. 6d.—THE LETTERS OF MRS. THRALE. Selected, with an Introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson. The Bodley Head. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY. Macmillan, 2 vols. 28s., by F. W. Hirst, is the most important biography of the week.—THE STORY OF THE WORLD AT WAR. By M. B. Synge. Blackwood. 5s.—A MONETARY HISTORY OF IRELAND. Part I. By Patrick Nolan. King, 5s.—THE LADIES. By E. Barrington. Benn. 10s. 6d.—CHARACTER AND SPORTSMANSHIP. By Sir Theodore Cook. Williams and Norgate. 15s.—HANS ANDERSEN. By Himself. Routledge. 7s. 6d.—THE GREAT DAYS OF VERSAILLES. By G. F. Bradby. Benn. 12s. 6d.

TRAVEL

A NEW VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. Argonaut Press, 30s., is a stately reprint of William Dampier's record.—THE HIMALAYAN LETTERS OF GYPSY DAVY AND LADY BA. Heffer. 15s.—ON HIGH HILLS. MEMORIES OF THE ALPS. By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. Methuen. 18s.—CANADA. THE GREAT RIVER, THE LANDS AND THE MEN. By Marion I. Newbiggin. Christophs. 12s. 6d.—ZERMATT AND ITS VALLEY. By Francois Gos. Cassell. 15s.

PSYCHOLOGY

A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS. Constable, 17s., is an enlarged and revised edition of the singularly suggestive book produced by Mr. Havelock Ellis in 1904.—THE EGO AND THE ID. By Sigmund Freud. The Hogarth Press and The Institute of Psycho-Analysis. 6s.—FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE THEORY AND TECHNIQUE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. By Sandor Ferenczi. The Hogarth Press and The Institute of Psycho-Analysis. 28s.

DRAMA

AND SO TO BED. By J. B. Fagan. Putnam. 3s. 6d.

FICTION

Two novels of unusual interest are ADAM IN MOONSHINE. Heinemann, 7s. 6d., by Mr. J. B. Priestley and MOONRAKER, Heinemann, 7s. 6d., by Miss Tennyson Jesse.—THE BIG FOUR. By Agatha Christie. Collins. 7s. 6d.—THE COLFAX BOOKPLATE. By Agnes Miller. Benn. 7s. 6d.—DOOMSDAY. By Warwick Deeping. Cassell. 7s. 6d.—THE DARK FIRE. By Elinor Mordaunt. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.—THE ENTERTAINMENT. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.—THE PAINTED ROOM. By Margaret Wilson. John Long. 7s. 6d.—THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE. By Margaret Revell. Crosby Lockwood. 7s. 6d.—CHANDU. By Owen Rutter. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 7s. 6d.—THE CAVE GIRL. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Methuen. 7s. 6d.—MICHAEL INTERVENES. By Guy Clifford. Methuen. 3s. 6d.—MANHATTAN TRANSFER. By John Dos Passos. Constable. 7s. 6d.—THE DOOR TO THE MOOR. By Millie Bird Vandeburg. Cassell. 7s. 6d.—THE WILD ADVENTURE. By Katharine Tynan. Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.—THE CRIME AT DIANA'S POOL. By Victor L. Whitechurch. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.—BLUE MAGIC. By Roy Devereux. Crosby Lockwood. 7s. 6d.—FIFTY. By Shelland Bradley. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.—SOLEMN BOY. By Hector Bolitho. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.—BERNARD QUESNAY. By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Brian W. Downs. Cape. 7s. 6d.—PETENERA'S DAUGHTER. By Henry Bellaman. Cape. 7s. 6d.

REPRINTS

THE WAR OF WOMEN. By Alexandre Dumas. Dent. 4s. 6d.—THE SHE-WOLVES OF MACHECOUL. 2 volumes. By Alexandre Dumas. Dent. 4s. 6d. each.—THE WARWICK SHAKESPEARE. THE WINTER'S TALE. Edited by C. H. Herford. Blackie. 2s. 6d.—THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. By H. G. Wells. Benn (Essex Edition). 3s. 6d.—THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU. By H. G. Wells. Benn (Essex Edition). 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

LETTERS TO A YOUNG HEAD MASTER. By W. Jenkyn Thomas and Charles W. Bailey. Blackie. 3s. 6d.—THE WRITING OF CLEAR ENGLISH. By F. W. Westaway. Blackie. 3s. 6d.—THE KING'S TREASURES OF LITERATURE. Edited by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. Dent.—JUNIOR MODERN ESSAYS: FOR REPETITION; ENGLISH LYRICAL VERSE; THE WHALING STORY FROM MOBY DICK; SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; KING LEAR; 1s. 4d. each. UNTOLD TALES OF THE PAST; THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY, 1s. each.—MY HAPPY FAMILY. By Cherry Kearton. Arrowsmith. 5s.—THE GIPSY PATTERAN. Edited by Joseph Ellner. Parsons. 7s. 6d.—POLITICAL MYTHS AND ECONOMIC REALITIES. By Francis Delaisi. Douglas. 16s.

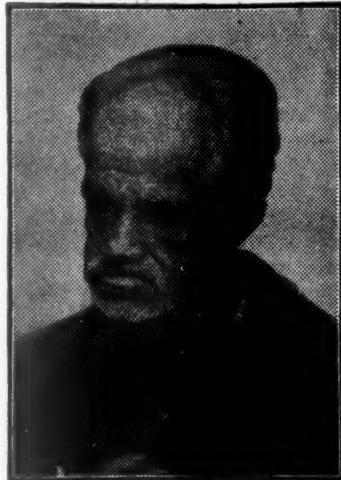
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AND

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RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. *The coupon for the week must be enclosed.*

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following the date of publication.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in "Literary Notes" (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 253

SOURCES OF MELODY UNHEARD OF LATE,—
MENTIONED IN BOOKS, BUT LONG SINCE OUT OF DATE :
A KIND OF TRUMPET, AND A SORT OF LUTE.

1. Shot oft by one expert upon the flute.
2. Who follow after it are seven times three.
3. A gnawing beast is at the heart of me.
4. Worn by fair ladies in a sea-girt realm.
5. Stormed was this hill while North was at the helm.
6. Us in that Serbian town the first you'll find.
7. Blest or accurst, its prohibitions bind.

Solution of Acrostic No. 251

B	uttercup	P	1 The depth of the Baltic is no more, on an average, than 40 to 50 fathoms, but
E	we	R	"the sudden and frequent changes of
CA	In	N	the wind, accompanied by violent
U	r	C ¹	storms, render this sea dangerous for
B	alti	E ²	mariners."
R	ere-mous	E ²	Viz., Bat.
U	ns	O	3 "Tom Jones," Bk. x. ch. 7.
M	uf	F ³	4 "He had a cuirass thick enough to resist
M	usket-proo	F ⁴	a musket-ball."
L	ongsto	P	5 "A Legend of Montrose," ch. 2.
L	agomoy	S ⁵	6 A genus of Rodents forming a link between the hare and the rat. "Lagomys alpina" is found in Siberia, and very fine hay it stores in small heaps for its winter use is often of great service to travellers."

N.B.—The name is often spelt with one L.

ACROSTIC NO. 251.—The winner, Stucco, who is requested to send his name and address, has chosen as his prize 'Chronicles of the Prussian Court,' by Anne Topham, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed in our columns on January 8, under the title of 'Big Willie.' Twenty-two other solvers name this book, eighteen 'The Further Venture Book,' twelve 'Kaiser Wilhelm II,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ape, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Dolmar, East Sheen, Reginald P. Eccles, Eyelet, Cyril E. Ford, Iago, Kirkton, John Lennie, Madge, Peter, F. M. Petty, Sisyphus, Trike, C. J. Warden, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Baldersby, A. de V. Blathwayt, Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, J. Chambers, Jerboa, Margaret, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Shorwell, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Tyro, Varach.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Alasdair, C. H. Burton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Crucible, Doric, Estela, Gay, Jeff, Jop, Lilian, Plumbago, Tiny Tim, Twyford, Mrs. A. E. Whitaker, Yewden. All others more.

ACROSTIC NO. 250.—One Light Wrong: Lilian.

MOTORING

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

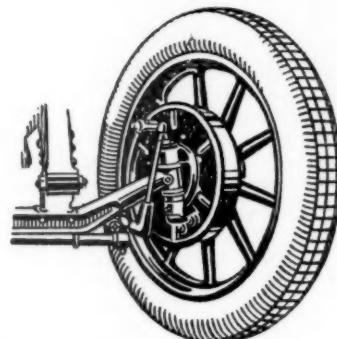
BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

TO the ordinary owner of motor-cars there is little difference between one car or another in the mechanical features; performance on the road is a test of merit by which he judges the machine. Yet while there is a great sameness in motor-car design, some recent developments point to changes in the near future. For instance, Major H. O. D. Segrave is taking to Florida the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam racer, which has an engine fitted at both front and rear, in which he hopes to create a new record speed of two hundred miles an hour over the Ormonde sand beach at Daytona, U.S.A. Whether this effort is successful or not, data will be available from the experience which may help to develop fore and aft engine disposition for artillery and other tractors where speed and power are required. It is already known that the Dunlop Rubber Company have had to build special tyres for high-speed racers, as no ordinary one-hundred-miles-an-hour type of tyre can resist the stresses and action of centrifugal force at two hundred miles an hour even for a short time, as in speed runs over this twenty-three miles of straight sandy beach. For that is the full distance available at Daytona for a flying start and the pulling up of the car. As, however, the full speed can only be attained over one mile or two miles, the time during which the car is travelling at that high rate can only be one or two-thirds of a minute, that is twenty or forty seconds, according to whether the run is one or two miles at that rate. Consequently the Dunlop factory tested the tyres to be used on this racing-car for two minutes at this speed of two hundred miles an hour to be sure they were on the right side of safety. And the tyres successfully passed this test.

* * *

Great are the difficulties which have to be overcome in making tyres capable of standing up to speeds of over 100 miles an hour. A racing tyre is built from a few pounds of rubber and cotton. These, plus certain chemicals necessary to secure the vulcanization and toughening of the rubber, are the only materials used, except for the wires which secure the tyres to the rim and the metal valve for inflating. These materials appear very frail and delicate compared with the high-grade metals employed in constructing the rest of the car. Yet this frail material has to transmit the drive of the high-powered engine, withstand the shocks of the car leaping off the mark, and stand up to the constant hammering and drag upon the track or road surface while carrying the constant stress of an inflation pressure of about 60 lbs. per square inch. At a speed of two hundred miles an hour, the racing tyre makes thirty revolutions per second, or eighteen hundred revolutions per minute. Every inch of its circumference is therefore hammered between the rim of the wheel and the road surface thirty times each second. As every schoolboy knows, hammering any substance makes it hot in time, so that the difficulty the tyre-maker has to overcome is to keep the tyre cool. Rubber loses its elasticity and strength at 200 deg. centigrade, so that when a tyre is hot the tread no longer sticks on the cotton foundation or remains whole, but strips off in one or many pieces. Chemists had to discover the chemical mixture which kept at a low temperature when the rubber was hammered on the road, while the tyre engineer had to build its cotton foundation and put on the thin rubber racing tread to withstand the centrifugal force set up by high speeds.

THE POINT IS
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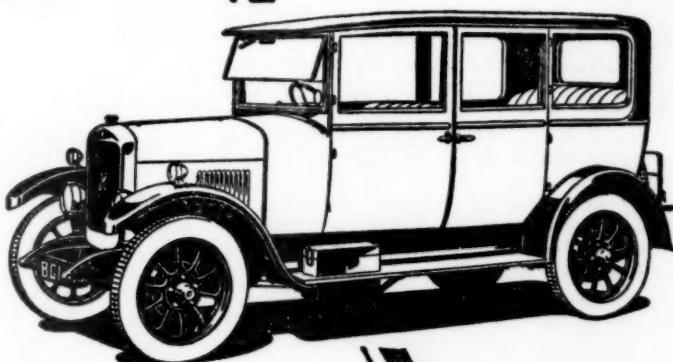
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THE CAR THAT COSTS LESS THAN IT SHOULD

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

IT is some time since the gilt-edged market has attracted to itself any volume of attention. During the last two or three weeks, however, it has been the centre of a steady stream of business. So often in the past the opinion has been expressed that eventually the rate at which the British Government could borrow money would fall to a lower level than that to which it had been raised during the war, that one always looked on this fact as a possibility of the future. The question now arises as to whether this desirable reduction is as far distant as it formerly appeared. Despite strikes and industrial upheavals in this country, securities dealt in on the London Stock Exchange have appreciated since the deflation slump by many hundreds of millions. This vast amount has been added to the wealth of the nation. The question also arises as to how much of it, and how much credit supported on it, is available for gilt-edged investment. It seems a strange moment to refer optimistically to this subject. In a few months we are to be faced with a Budget of an exceptionally difficult nature, which may bring in its train additional taxation and probably a raid on the Sinking Fund, factors likely temporarily to depress the gilt-edged market. Notwithstanding these facts, the opinion is gaining ground in certain circles of the city that 1927 will be a good year for the gilt-edged markets. The start has certainly been auspicious. The Consolidated 4% Loan was introduced showing a somewhat lower yield than existing securities, and its arrival has been heralded by general rises throughout the list. Obviously the start of this movement must have been inspired, but equally obviously its maintenance must be based on something more substantial than official assistance. This may be the beginning of a period when British credit, as measured by the yields on her Government securities, will appreciate. We shall, of course, have marked fluctuations. Anticipation of a reduction in the Bank Rate will lead to rises; while a disappointment at no lowering of the rate, or alarm at the withdrawal of gold, will lead to lower prices; but on balance the tendency of British Government stocks is to rise, and investors will be well advised to review their investments with this possibility in their mind.

ARGENTINE RAILS

There has been increased activity of late in Argentine Railway stocks, and this market has a decidedly hopeful appearance. Economic conditions have improved, and an absence of labour unrest has helped to stabilize the position. In a vast country such as the Argentine, extending as it does over 2,300 miles from north to south, the climate varies greatly. Consequently the harvest, a very important factor in the earning capacity of the railway system, is a matter which occupies several months. Traffics up to the present have been satisfactory, and although it is too early to forecast actual results, advices from the other side (with the exception perhaps of the grape crop, which is said to have suffered from frost, and in which the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway is more particularly interested) are so far promising. In view of the more cheerful outlook, the ordinary stocks of these Argentine Railways appear attractive, but it must be borne in mind that as the yield ranges from 7½% to 8% the securities are necessarily speculative. Those, however, who can afford to take the risk and who can view market fluctuations with equanimity, might consider locking away some of this stock for future capital appreciation.

AN ATTRACTIVE PREFERENCE

Those on the lookout for an attractive Preference share reasonably priced and well secured should not

overlook the 7% cumulative Preference share of Baker Perkins, Ltd. The Company was formed in 1902 as Joseph Baker and Sons, and in 1920 amalgamated with Perkins Engineers, Ltd., of Peterborough, which company was established as long ago as 1819. The Company's business is that of engineers, specializing in the manufacture of food machinery, more especially bread, biscuit, cake, chocolate and confectionery machinery. It has works in London and Peterborough, and its products are reckoned to be of the highest class. The Company's Directors are all practical men actively engaged in the business. It has subsidiaries in Canada and Australia, the principal of which is Baker Perkins Incorporated, whose works are in Michigan, U.S.A. This Company was established in 1920 with a Preference capital of \$950,000, and the whole of the Ordinary capital has been provided out of profits, which have been put back into the business. This subsidiary has, since its formation, earned increasingly large profits, and it is a proof of the really conservative manner in which Baker Perkins is managed that up to last year they have not taken any credit in their balance sheet for their extremely important investment in this Company. This investment has now been valued at £223,512, and will in future be added to the Company's investments, the ordinary capital having been increased by means of a bonus issue almost of the same amount. The profits for 1925 of Baker Perkins were alone sufficient to cover the Preference dividend over four times without allowing for any income from the American Company, and, now that Baker Perkins is showing its American investment in its balance sheet, it is to be presumed that they will receive dividends.

TEXTILES

A feature this week has been the increased interest in Courtauld shares. These shares have been a dull market since the declaration of a decreased interim dividend during the coal strike. It is significant to note that recent buying is said to emanate from sources which have been continual sellers for the last year. The artificial silk industry is said to be progressing favourably, and Courtaulds will lead any movement in this direction. In the past, when these shares were considerably higher, I did not favour them. I now feel, however, that the turn has come, and without prophesying account to account market fluctuations, I anticipate that a long lock-up of these shares should prove profitable. I also hear good reports of Sniás Viscosa.

BRAZIL

Considerably more attention has been paid of late to Brazilian Bonds, the demand probably having been created by indications that a new loan is on the *tapis*. Such a loan would enable the Government to fulfil its promise, made in the prospectus of the 6½% loan issued last June in New York, to resume the operations of the Sinking Fund this year. Those who require an investment yielding 6½% should consider a purchase of either the 5% loan of 1903 or the 4½% of 1883. Should the Sinking Fund resume operations this year, the 4½% loan of 1883 should realize a larger rise in price over the next few years than any of the other Brazilian Bonds, as the amounts to be purchased in the open market on Sinking Fund account will be very large, and the Bonds are held in comparatively small amounts.

CENTRAL PROVINCES MANGANESE

I have frequently in the past referred to the Ordinary shares of Central Province Manganese Ore, when the price was many pounds lower than it is to-day. I again draw attention to this Company's shares, because I consider its outlook extremely promising and look for substantial appreciation in price in the course of the next few years.

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31st December, 1926

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Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including balance of Profit and Loss)	309,883,690
Acceptances and Endorsements, etc., for account of customers	12,446,160
Issued and Paid-up Capital	15,858,217
Reserve Fund	10,250,000

ASSETS	£
Cash in Hand and with the Bank of England	45,105,729
Balances with other British Banks and cheques in course of collection	10,143,152
Money at Call and Short Notice	21,284,818
Bills discounted	36,617,280
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Brooke (Rupert). Collected Poems. Riccardi Press. 1919. £2.
Conrad. Nigger of the Narcissus. Inscribed copy. 1898. £5.
Cruikshank. Greenwich Hospital. 1826. Fine copy. £8 10s.
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Dowson's Translation of La Pucelle. 2 vols. 1899. £3 3s.
Drinkwater. Abraham Lincoln. 1918. Scarce. £4.
Hardy. Tess of the D'Urbervilles. 3 vols. 1891-2. £7 10s.
Kipling. City of Dreadful Night. Allahabad. 1891. £5.
Masefield. Widow in the Bye Street. 1912. Fine. £5 5s.
Moore (George). Hail and Farewell. 3 vols. 1911-14. £2 10s.
Nonesuch Book of Ruth. Very scarce. 1923. £8 15s.
Shaw (G. B.). Fabian Essays. Fine copy. 1889. £1 15s.
Stephens. The Demi-Gods. 1914. Scarce. £4.
Swinburne. Collected Poems. 6 vols. 1904. £4.
Whistler. The Baronet and the Butterfly. N.D. £3.
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